THE BYSTANDER
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The BYSTANDER

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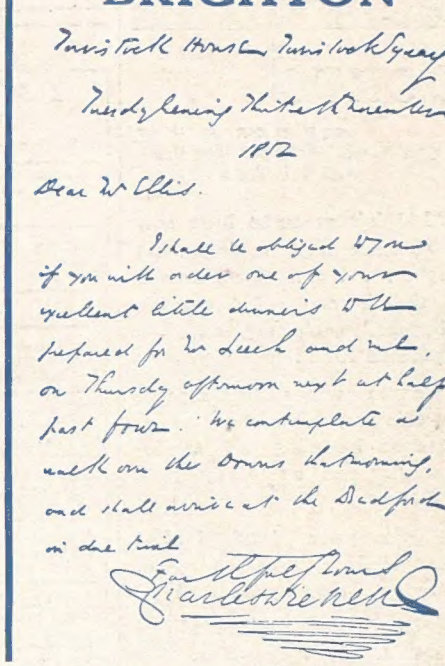
Tavistock House, Tavistock Square
Tuesday Evening Thirteenth November
1852
Dear Mr Ellis.
I shall be obliged to you if you will order one of your excellent little dinners to be prepared for Mr Leech and me, on Thursday afternoon next at half past four. We contemplate a walk over the Downs that morning, and shall arrive at the Bedford in due time.
Faithful Yours
Charles Dickens

. . . . "excellent" in the days of Charles Dickens—"excellent to-day."
(Original of above letter is displayed in Hotel Lounge.)

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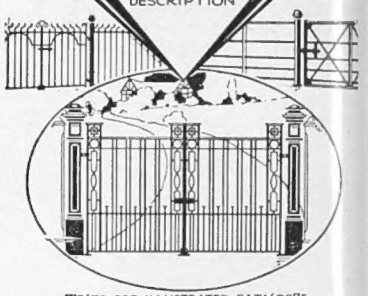

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The Bystander, January 4, 1933

No. 1516. Vol. CXVII

The BYSTANDER

Edmund Harrington

THE LADY RAVENSDALE

A new portrait of Lady Ravensdale, the eldest of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston's three daughters; she is a Baroness in her own right. Like her sisters, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and Lady Cynthia Mosley, Lady Ravensdale is very good looking and very intelligent, and has an enormous circle of friends

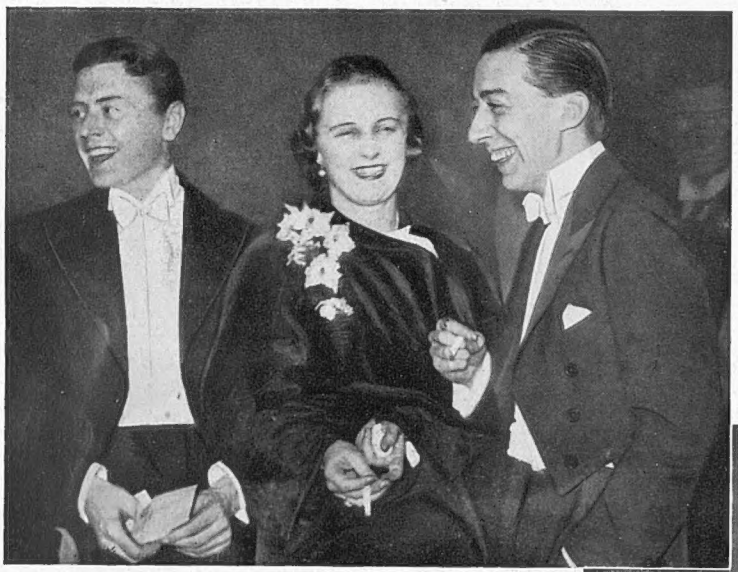
L.N.A.

There was a very Mayfair audience at the Comedy Theatre first-night; above are three of the lovelies who adorned it: Miss Dawn Gold, Miss Dorothy Hyson and Miss Angela Brett

Right: Miss Wendy Barry, the film star, on her way in, with Miss Trefall, another fair American who is cheering up Mayfair's winter by her visit

Below: Miss Polly Ward and Miss Irene Russell were two stage representatives in the audience which saw "Ballyhoo" for the first time. Miss Russell's enormous spray of orchids was one of the successes of the evening

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Russell were among the stall-ites who thought "Ballyhoo" and its taking-off of Mayfair's days and nights a good bit of fun, though some of the critics and the gallery didn't altogether agree



Mr. Claud Strickland, Miss Diane Chamberlain, and Lord Donegall meet in the interval, and have what looks like one of the best jokes of the evening together

The Stalls Liked It!

"Ballyhoo" First-Nighters

Photographs by Swaebe

Right: another trio at what was almost the last social event before Christmas arrived: Mrs. Austin Hordern and Mr. and Mrs. Terry McKenna

Left: A wedding group at Kinnaird Castle, after the marriage of Lt-Com. E. M. C. Abel Smith, R.N., and Lady Mary Carnegie, the Earl and Countess of Southesk's younger daughter, at St. Andrew's, Brechin. The best man was Capt. Desmond Abel Smith, the page was John Ramsay, the bridesmaids Mariota Bosanquet, Lady Jean Bruce, Christian Guthrie, June Abel Smith, Annette Bosanquet, Lady Martha Bruce, and Moira Guthrie

Lady Mary Carnegie's Wedding

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

AMONG the many country dances which took place at the end of the old year, probably the most successful was the one given by Lord and Lady Douro in the library at Strathfieldsaye on Boxing Night. In spite of the thick fog, not many people were deterred from motoring the forty-six miles from London, and among those who took the risk and arrived safely were Lady Cynthia Slessor and her débutante daughter, Lady Anne Villiers, and Miss Kathleen Horlick and her fiancé, Mr. Murrough O'Brien.

Pearl Freeman

Miss Myrtle Earle

The younger daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. T. Algernon Earle, and a granddaughter of Sir Thomas Earle, who is engaged to Mr. Robert Symon, only son of Lt.-Colonel Walter Symon, C.M.G., and Mrs. Symon

SEVERAL neighbours brought parties, including the hosts' father, the Duke of Wellington, who had supper with the Dowager Lady Glentanar, Lady Winchelsea, accompanied by her daughter, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, and Lady Eglinton, with Lady Janet Montgomery. Lady Anne Wellesley was the belle of the ball, and wore black velvet trimmed with white fur. Dancing continued until the early hours of the morning.

THE plans for the wedding of Lady Anne Wellesley and Mr. David Rhys are now nearly complete. They have not yet decided whether they will get married on March 17 or 24, but the bridesmaids and best man

Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary Meade, the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam's daughters, at the new Orange Hall at Ballynahinch

At the meet of the Cottesmore last week, at Whadborough Cross-roads, which was followed by an eight-mile hunt, lasting 2¾ hours: Lord Blandford, Miss Kay Nelson, Lady Warrender, Mr. Nigel Seely, and Lady Alexandra Haig

have been all arranged. Mr. Charles Rhys will take the onerous job of best man. The bridesmaids will include Lady Janet Montgomerie, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, Lady Anne Villiers, Miss Pamela Wellesley, Miss Pamela Cayzer, Miss Rosemary Villiers, Lady Violet Pakenham, and Lady Diana Wellesley.

LADY ANNE VILLIERS will have a foretaste of bridesmaiding at the wedding of her sister Joan on January 21. She will be a débutante this year. Although she is barely seventeen, she went to her first dance the other night, given by Lady Bethell, and has even been seen in Montmartre. Lady Joan and Mr. David Colville are to be married at twelve o'clock at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and propose to go to Paris the same day on their way to Algiers. At the moment they are still house-hunting, like Mr. Rhys and his fiancée, the reception at whose marriage will, after all, not be held at Apsley House, for fear of burglars.

THE other bridesmaids at the Villiers-Colville wedding will include Lady Georgiana Curzon, Lady Violet Pakenham, and Miss Eileen Brougham. It would not surprise us at all if this set a fashion in morning weddings, which enables the newly-married couple to catch the four o'clock boat train, and possibly the two o'clock train, in comfort. It is curious that the law against being married after three o'clock dates back to the day when this precaution was necessary to prevent people getting married while they were drunk.

ANOTHER wedding, which may have taken place before these words appear, has been arranged between Miss Celia Palmer and Mr. Stephen Condon. Mr. Condon is a good-looking young man, with a dark moustache, who has a good job in the movies at Hollywood. As soon as he is married, he proposes to take Miss Palmer back to the United States. That will cause a real gap in the party-going world, won't it?

WE did not journey to Angus for the wedding of Lady Mary Carnegie and Lieut.-Commander Abel Smith, R.N., but we heard all about it. The bride wore white velvet, which contrasted well with her sheaf of red roses. The two-year-old Master of Scone, who was to have been a train-bearer, did not feel up to the job, which was left in the hands of Master John Ramsay. After the wedding, the young couple were played to their waiting motor-car by pipers from the Black Watch.

Nursery Tea *Swaebe*

The Hon. Mrs. James Beck, Lord Glenconner's sister, watches her three-year-old twin son and daughter, James and Virginia, having tea in their nursery

A Early

Bacon and eggs and beer at four th recovered from "John Peel"; in the a Mr. J. M. Birkin, Mrs. Barber, Mark

LORD WAVERTREE is one of those unlucky people who have a birthday on Christmas Day, and so, in his youth, at any rate, must have regretted the incidence of only one present a year instead of two. No doubt, though, his acute knowledge of astrology,

At Waterloo

Mr. H. Ashley and Sir William Crawford starting off by the Southampton boat-train, en route for a cruise in the Berengaria

At Cheltenham

Mr. C. Mitchell, Mrs. Cripps, and Captain Guy Lucas photographed at the steeplechase meeting last week

In Berk

Five guests at the amusing Christmas cocktail Captain Peter Macdonald at Captain Clarke's Hussey, Lady Bowyer-Smyth, Mrs. Davies, and

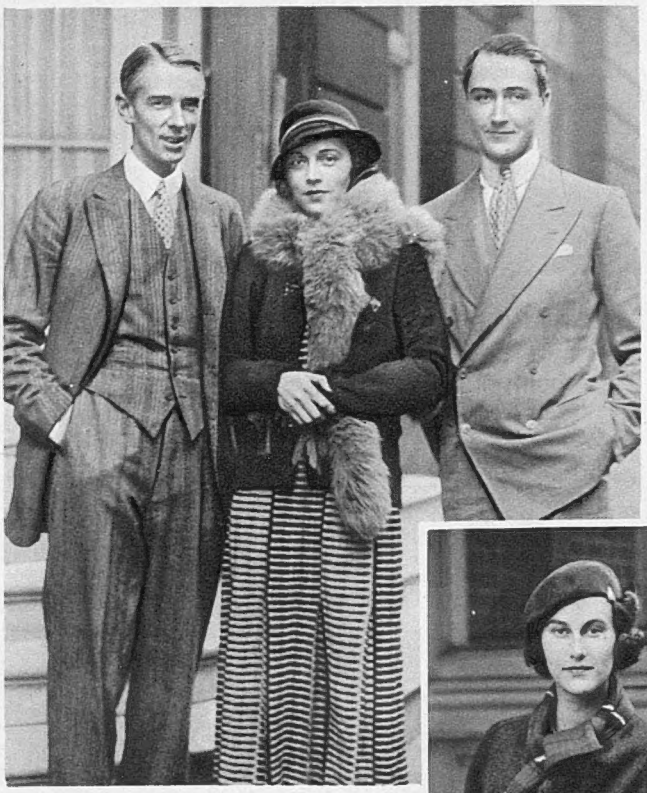
rly Breakfast

the way the guests at the South Notts Hunt Ball e are Miss Honor Barber, Dr. Beilby, Miss North, Barber, Colonel W. D. Barber, and Miss Joan Barber

acquired in later years, will have compensated him for this. It must be difficult to find a more propitious date to be born on than December 25, according to the stars.

IN London we have been much struck by the beauty and charm of La Jana, the Hungarian "lovely" who is dancing at Ciro's. On the first night she was evidently under-rehearsed, but piquancy was added to the evening by the knowledge that at almost any moment she might go into a danse du ventre. But she never did. She is very beautiful, and will be much talked about. Of that we are sure.

CAPTAIN TOMMY GRAVES, Mrs. Peter Thursby and the Bendirs were among the crowd which watched her on her opening night. Captain Graves had been spending Christmas at Stratford-on-Avon, which seems a very quiet retreat for so robust a personality. But Christmas is so far away now that it is hardly worth recalling. I saw something far less sophisticated, but quite as enjoyable, at Grosvenor House the other evening, when, after dinner, some very small children gave a cabaret performance without more elderly aid. These children are amateurs, though they don't show it in their turns, and perform on behalf of the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies, which excellent charity should benefit considerably from their attractiveness and popularity.



Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, Lady Milbanke, and Mr. Rice were together when they met the camera as it was doing its Mayfair round the other day

ON the departure of Charles from the restaurant of the Dorchester on January 1, Cigolini, who has been general manager of the hotel for the past year, assumed full control of every department. Everyone will be pleased to see Cigolini looking after their needs, especially those who remember his success at the Palais, Biarritz, and the Meurice, Paris, both of which places were so successful under his management.

ONE of our returned wanderers is Mr. Roger Chetwode, the son of General Sir Philip Chetwode, our G.O.C. in India. Mr. Chetwode has been working in Morgan's Bank, in New York, like Lord Charles Cavendish. He has come home for a few days, and then, after a final six months in the United States, he will come back for good. Here is real news for our ex-débutantes who are still disengaged.

(Continued on page 44)

Miss Diana Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Minto Wilson's younger daughter, and her fiancé, the Hon. Maurice Bridgeman, youngest son of Viscount and Viscountess Bridgeman. Their engagement was announced just before Christmas, and so was Lord Bridgeman's appointment as one of the three new Governors of the B.B.C.

quare *Sasha*

en by Captain Arundell Clarke and are house: Commander and Mrs ge-Wood, Captain Clarke's sister

In Elm Park Gardens

Prince and Princesse Alphonse de Chimay took their small daughter to visit her grandfather, Lord Ernest Hamilton, and the baby had its first photograph taken in the gardens there

Swiss Snow a

Lady Dunn and her daughter, Lady Patricia Douglas, being given lessons in fancy skating by Miss Frenssen on the Suvretta rink at St. Moritz

The Marquis Camden gives Lady Camden's hat a final polish at the Meet of the Eridge Hunt at Rotherfield

The annual Inter-'Varsi... St. Moritz, and the pictur... L. G. Pugh, H. Ingram, ...

Mr. and Mrs. Mollison enjoying a sleigh run at St. Moritz, where they are stopping for a short holiday

Curling at St. Moritz

Right: Col. Dalrymple Hamilton putting up a stone on the curling rink at the Suvretta Curling Club, St. Moritz

M. H. Weaver, P. C. Green, C. Schaer (Trainer), R. J. Russell, R. C. Dunn, and W. W. Russell, the Cambridge ski team which raced against Oxford at St. Moritz

English Shires

...ace between Oxford and Cambridge took place at ...ows the Oxford Team. They are, left to right: ...alter (Captain), L. MacGregor, and M. Minoprio

Mr. E. O. Fearnley Whittingstall, Miss M. Pearson, Mr. W. A. Fearnley Whittingstall, Mrs. W.A. Fearnley Whittingstall, and Capt. R. Corbett, M.F.H., at the Avon Vale Hunt Ball, given at Bowden House, Lacock, near Chippenham, Wilts.

Right: Miss Judy Dawson, sister of Mr. E. W. Dawson, the old Leicestershire County Cricket Captain, selling a raffle ticket to Lady Helen Primrose at the Cottesmore Meet at Wymondham

Caught for Charity

Mrs. Roland Robinson, née Miss Maysie Gasque, heiress to the Woolworth millions, skating at St. Moritz, where she is staying with her husband, who is M.P. for Widnes

Miss Annesley and Count Stephen Tarnowski at the foot of the funicular at Engleberg, which leads to the snow-fields at Trübsee, 6000 feet above sea-level

Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild with her daughters, Ann and Evelyn, at the Meet of the Whaddon Chase, held at Ascot House, near Leighton Buzzard

A Racing Reverie

Racing and The Revenue: By "Regular"

Miss Burke, Sir Edward Durand, and Mrs. Burke at the steeplechase meeting at Cheltenham last week

Another group of regulars who went racing at Cheltenham on the first day of the meeting: Miss Victoria Fuller, Miss Fuller, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and Miss Liddell

Miss Marjorie Brassey and Mr. Peacock, whose engagement was announced recently, in the paddock

IN accordance with my anticipation, my solution for our National problems—Sunday racing in Hyde Park—has met with a mixed reception.

"MAYFAIR" and "Ex-Deb" are very pleased with me. They refer to me as a modern d'Artagnan, the male Texas Guinan, the purveyor of that obsolete quantity once known as "Whoopee," and the answer to the children's (of the Ritz) prayer.

"CLERIC," on the other hand, doesn't think me oh, so hot, and his letter is interspersed with such merry little passages as "Emissary of the ungodly," "Desecrator of the Sabbath," etc., etc.

HE expresses surprise that the Editor should have consented to its publication, and my cunning little suggestion (guaranteed to fill every pew in London) to admit half-price to our racecourses anyone who could produce a chit to the effect that they had attended church service, he declares to be the most dastardly insult to him and his fellow-ministers that has ever appeared in print.

"SOONER than associate myself with such an idea," he writes, "I would close the doors of my church for ever." Now, I *do* call that ungrateful, and narrow-minded into the bargain, and I 'd kidded myself that every parson for miles would be patting me on the back and referring to me as a second John Wesley.

I DO not wish to labour the point about this Sunday racing scheme, but I am all for any innovation, providing I am convinced that it will add to the gaiety of the nation.

QUITE frankly, I do not imagine that the "boneheads" who govern us would see fit to tap the marvellous supply of revenue which would result from the transformation of Hyde Park into a racecourse, but I don't believe that it is outside the bounds of possibility that they might convince themselves that it is no more wicked for horses to gallop on Sundays than week-days.

I CANNOT believe that a present-day Sunday in the West End of London conforms with its inventor's idea of how the day should be spent, as, for sheer boredom, I defy you to beat it anywhere. I am all against anyone being asked to work more than six days a week, but, similarly, I am all for their being able to indulge in their favourite recreation on their one holiday—and the favourite recreation of the majority of us is racing.

WHENEVER I get the chance, or, perhaps I should say, lay my hands on the ready, I spend my week-ends in Paris, and invariably I compare the happy, laughing crowds at Auteuil and Longchamps with the miserably bored thousands killing time in Hyde Park till the cinemas open at six o'clock.

I HAVE not a legal mind—the machinations of the law have invariably defeated me (in more ways than one)—much in the same way as my brain can never master the workings of a motor-car.

MYSTIFIED as I have been in the past, though, this latest bit of "buffoonery," which says that a totalisator is legal, provided that the competitors are horses, but illegal if they are dogs, is the funniest thing I 've heard for years.

MY readers know my views regarding bogus "totes," and I am just as keen that those concerned with dog-racing should be knocked on the head as I am about those which rake in the shekels over the horses.

A CENTRALLY-CONTROLLED Betting Board should run all "totes" on all greyhound tracks—all other "totes" to be declared bogus and illegal. A proportion of the percentages would, of course, provide an automatic revenue to the Government, which should be the first function of a "tote" in any country. To deprive greyhound tracks of their totalisators is not only an insane refusal to benefit by the large sums of money simply asking to be collected as revenue, but is a direct insult to the masses who nightly throng our tracks. These people may not have a great deal to spend, but they are just as capable of taking care of themselves as those of us who clamour for admittance to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

JUST because some young fool does his boots in at Ascot, it is not suggested that all betting should be stopped there. Similarly, because some idiot robs the children's money-box, mortgages the mangle, and does in the lot at the White City, there is no reason why all the other millions, who regard their betting as it should be regarded—as a luxury—should not have their "tote."

WE are grown-up people, and, for the most part, law-abiding citizens. I say "for the most part," as so many of our laws are so antiquated and obscure that no self-respecting person could be expected to abide by them.

WE are citizens of the finest country in the world, but I cannot help thinking that if I had my way it would be finer still; anyhow, I guarantee it would be more amusing. Sunday racing will, I 'm afraid, meet with strong opposition in some quarters. No one could deny, though, that it would be a packet of fun, and with no bookmakers, only our official "tote," would be a rare source of revenue.

Some of those helping to give the Shilling Theatre, Fulham, which opens on January 14th, a good send-off. The group shows Gabrielle Casartelli, Frank Dobson, the sculptor, Joy Vinogradoff, and Algernon Newton, A.R.A.

Fighting the Films

The Shilling Theatre at Fulham

A THOUSAND bookable seats at a "bob-a-nob," with the gallery half-price, to witness four one-act plays, given twice nightly, is the programme at the Shilling (late Grand) Theatre, Fulham, where a West End company, including Margaret Bannerman, has been gathered together. The committee is a strong one. The Earl of Carlisle is Chairman, and it is evident that, both from the pictorial as well as the histrionic side, this venture will give good value for money

Photographs: William Davis

Above: Some of the cast who will perform: Robert Newton, Bennett O'Loghlan, Gabrielle Casartelli, Martin Walker, Roy Emerton, and Edwin Ellis

Left: All lend a hand in decorating. Called to the bar is Algernon Newton, A.R.A., wearing spectacles, talking to John Strachey. Joy Vinogradoff is kneeling, and Pauline Murray, daughter-in-law of Sir Gilbert and Lady Murray, is giving the counter a coat of paint

PERSONALITIES IN "PLASTICINE"

No. 9: Lord Beaverbrook

Modelled and Designed by Zec

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides : By "Big Ben"

WESTMINSTER is not entirely deserted although the House is up; Parliament in Session seems merely to mean a little extra work for the already too busy Civil Servant, and the five hundred and fifteen M.P.s (I exclude a hundred who have Government rank) would be amazed to learn, if the truth were told them, how very little they are missed.

I REMEMBER Mr. MacDonald, when he became Prime Minister for the second time, in July 1929, saying that as soon as he could get rid of Parliament he could start to do some work. It is probably true that attendance in the Commons does aggravate Ministers, and they do regard it as a waste of time. The fault, to my mind, lies in the Members of the House of Commons, who too often allow themselves to be subjected by those who are really their servants.

BEFORE the House rose, for instance, there was an important debate on Unemployment. Mr. Lansbury regretted the absence of the Prime Minister, and his illness, which was the cause of it. But Mr. Buchanan, who is one of Mr. Maxton's followers, and, accordingly, is not deterred by any ideas of good manners, suggested that if Mr. MacDonald was well enough to go off to Lossiemouth for his holiday he was well enough to go to the House of Commons Mr. Lloyd George was also one who very strongly emphasised this point of view in his own inimitable way three days later, and even more strongly than Mr. Buchanan. But the Scotsman was there first.

Lord and Lady Astor photographed at Southampton after a trip to America. The latter discussed the Debt problem with American Congress leaders, but whether she got any satisfaction out of the discussion is another problem

A Cabinet Minister Relaxes

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig, and Mr. Bertram Mills watching the circus at Olympia. The balancing acts appealed most to the member of the Government

I HOPE Mr. MacDonald won't make the mistake of alienating the sympathies of his National Government supporters as previously he alienated those of his Socialist followers. He should remember that the prayer in the Litany: "From all pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, Good Lord deliver us," fetches a stronger response than any other from every Englishman who knows that the Public School team spirit has made us what we are to-day.

THE Cabinet, of course, are not allowed much rest, and the International Conferences, which are becoming as much a part of our national life as Ascot and Lord's, increase their labours. The Disarmament Conference is steadily rivalling *Charlie's Aunt*, and the World Economic Conference is planned to meet in London later this month.

I HAD almost forgotten the Indian Round Table Conference. It is, I believe, the hobby of Lord Sankey, nothing more nor less. As Session succeeds Session, and the impressive list of delegates is published to a somnolent and unimpressed world, I am continually reminded of the rhyme of the "Ten Little Nigger Boys." My money is all on the Lord Chancellor.

HONOUR, however, where honour is due. At last, after years of agitation, we have had set up a Committee who are to examine and inquire into the present system under which our Justice is administered. The entire Committee is composed of lawyers; some of us might have drawn conclusions from that, but Sir Victor Warrender, asked in Parliament what reasons led the Lord Chancellor to the conclusion that a Committee of lawyers would move expeditiously, said "Common sense."

WHAT has Sir Victor Warrender got to do with it? Nothing; but he is a Government Whip, and when Ministers cannot be in the House to answer the questions put to them, the Whips deputise. I wish Sir Victor wouldn't always look as though the Judgment Day was upon us and he had lost all his friends.

PERHAPS it is that he is merely tired of listening to other people's speeches without ever having an opportunity of getting his own back. Whips have a self-denying ordinance with regard to speeches. It is about the only matter on which they do consider the House's feelings.

APROPOS which, I was asked the other day: "What do Members talk about? What does interest them?" It strikes the common man reading the papers that there is a great waste of time on trivial and unimportant subjects, while what really interests him goes by the board.

I HAVE been turning up a most valuable little publication called *The Parliamentary Gazette*, which tells me exactly who it was that spoke most, asked most questions, answered most, and so on.

WE find Sir Stafford Cripps is the most voluble—surprising, when one considers his practice at the Bar; he might legitimately have taken a rest, particularly as he wasn't earning a fee. Mr. Lansbury comes second, and then a collection of the Socialist rank and file. Mr. Neville Chamberlain leads the Government. The Members who did not speak at all are omitted. I can name two, but I won't. I give them warning instead.

NOW for questions. Major Elliott is the leader here, due, I expect, to the time when he was Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Rightly and properly the Minister of Labour is next, and then Sir John Gilmour, now Home Secretary, but formerly Minister for Agriculture. The subjects which interest Members are becoming apparent. The Navy lives up to its reputation as the Silent Service, bringing up the rear; probably because there is the general feeling that the Admiralty is in the most capable hands.

WHAT has happened to Mr. J. C. C. Davidson? At one time he seemed to have hitched his chariot, if not to a star, at least to the Milky Way. Then there was a nasty period, after the 1929 General Election. As Chairman of the Conservative Party he was responsible for the infamous "Safety First" and the conduct of the Conservative Campaign, when one began to think he had fallen to earth. In the National Government, though, he found his feet. Past associations brought their reward, and he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Since the day of his appointment, not another sign of life. Safety first?

I HAVE been taken to task by a correspondent for dealing in these notes almost entirely with Ministers, and the principal ones at that, at the cost of ignoring both the Under-Secretaries and the back-benchers. Alas! I have but merely attempted each week to deal with the problems and personalities of the moment and, if the same problems and the same personalities are to the fore week after week, it is not I who am to blame. However, I will do my best in the future to introduce some of the lesser Parliamentary lights.

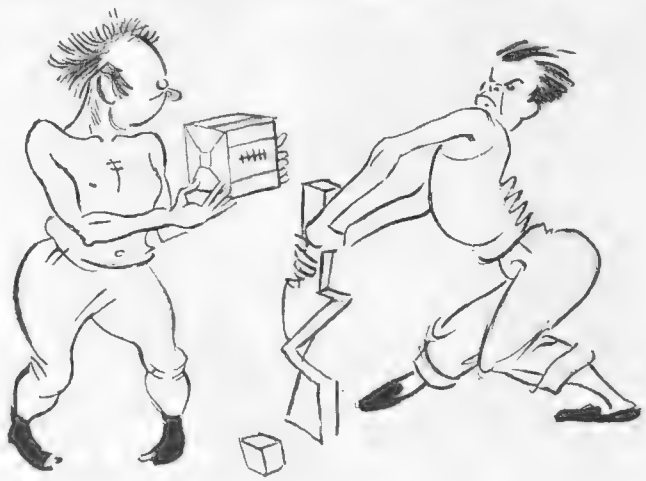
C

There's Hope fo S

H. H. Harris Exercise Hi

There's hope for sport if we insisted upon the very Reverend Dean Inge and the rather less Reverend Hannen Swaffer utilising some of their spare time in teaching our athletes the victory smile—

—and we let our sluts



If those cheery sportsmen, Epstein and Maurice Lambert, were allowed to re-condition football and cricket

If Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg were permitted a little more practice before challenging the great Mr. Brock of the Crystal Palace

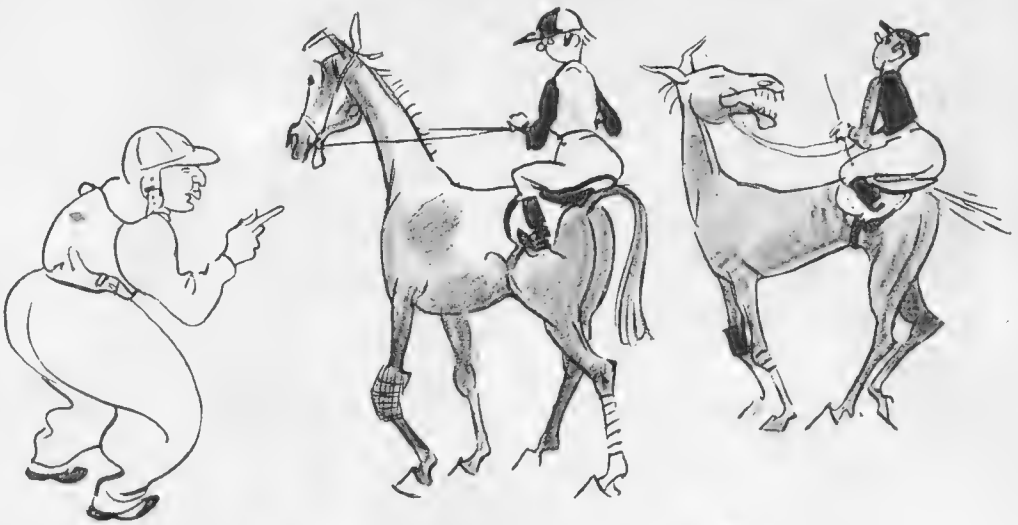
If Winston Churchill showed our super-blues and pink athletes, Messrs. Teddy Brown, John Van Druten, Tom Walls, and Lord Castlerosse the correct way to wear their college caps

Sport If . . . ?

His Imagination

gluts sleep in peace

If Kaye Don showed our lesser-known jockeys the proper use of the dickey-seat, as observable below



If Lady Pearson (Gladys Cooper) were to teach the future Walker Cup team—the Aga Khan, Mark Hambourg, Aubrey Hammond, and others (if any)—how to sit the shooting-stick

If P. G. H. Fender prayed to the gods that he might be empowered to make Surrey better cricketers

At Miss Katherine Horlick's Party

The Pay Party at the Casa Nuova was a great success: above will be seen a group, photographed at supper, which includes Miss Patricia Weigall, Mr. Harold Huth, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, and Mr. Angus Mackinnon

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

LADY CECIL DOUGLAS has a new pink and brown dress which reminds me of a mixed chocolate and strawberry ice. Lady Giffard Fox has a velvet dress which makes me think of raspberry fool—and I don't mean that as rudely as it sounds. And Lady Dashwood has a gown of purple which is exactly like one of those shaded and scented violets in an iced cake.

I HAVE never seen anything so sophisticatedly "chic" as the Ruthven twins' new fair coiffure. Having always known them as very dark, it is a bit of a shock at first, but tremendously smart, nevertheless.

WHAT a year 1932 has been! Mayfair prizes go to—
Sir Hugh Smiley for "the unexpected."
Lady Anne Wellesley and David Rhys for "the expected."
Nancy and Baba Beaton for a "good couple."

IT has certainly been vindication year, with "flags flying," for two of our "beauties"—for Lady Louis Mountbatten and Mrs. Barbara McCorquodale. Well, here's good luck to them in 1933—they are both darlings.

"WHO has a really 'fascinating' face?" I asked a young and very critical Frenchman. He pointed out Mrs. Lezard, who was Mrs. Mike Wardell, and, of course, I agreed with him; Lady Charles Cavendish—again I applauded.

LADY CAROLINE PAGET looks charming when she is dancing, animated, interested in her partner, and amused. Miss Eileen Brougham often appears a little blasé; so does Lady Stewart-Clarke, who, alas! seems to have dropped a lot of her vivacity lately.

HAS the notoriously tough heart of a very tall and good-looking baronet been really touched at last? We do hope so.

I LOST my head, and nearly my seat, out with the Quorn. Miss Ulrica Thynne looked so smart and attractive. I admire Mrs. Broughton on a horse. We remember her better as our so-popular Diana Fellowes; she is hunting in Leicestershire.

END-OF-THE-YEAR exam.—
Who is a "believing" Jewess?
Who likes silver?
Who dares?
Who is early to bed?
Who clerks the count?

I DON'T like the sleek way Lady Seafield is doing her hair these days. It seems to dim some of its subtle colour. Like most people, she has got a little plumper in the South of France.

THINGS I have liked seeing—
Miss Ann Todd, so happy in an ermine cape.
Lady Anne Wellesley's shy smile.
Lady Jersey's tiara.
Lady Massereene and Ferrard well again.
Senhor Regis de Oliveira enjoying a dance with his wife.

Colonel the Master of Sempill and Mrs. J. G. Weir at the Anglo-German Christmas Ball, which was held at Grosvenor House in aid of British and German ex-Servicemen

I'VE had a quiet smile at—
Mrs. Cecil Carr's curls.
Miss Rosamund Hornby's taste in statues.
Mr. John Mason's blandness.
Mr. Peter Ackroyd's racing hat.

THE GRAND DUKE DMITRI is really an example to our young men—his manners are beautiful. He is also very well dressed, and quite one of the most interesting people in London to talk to. His wife is one of the loveliest people ever, and so sweet.

SOME people are a little bit amused at the quite "county" behaviour of a little actress turned film-star.

SIR GEORGE and Lady Prescott are a most distinguished-looking couple; and I do admire Lord and Lady Reading. I suppose, on the whole, that Lord and Lady Mount Temple are the best-looking "not-so-young" couple in London.

Miss Irene Mann-Thompson and Mr. John Hodge at the Owl Ball at Claridge's, given in aid of the Princess Marie Louise wing of the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital

OH dear, oh dear! Such heart-burnings over the Portarlington and Cunningham-Reid parties! What does it matter if they didn't ask you, "blondish one"?

SO we are to lose Miss Elizabeth Allen. She is off to Hollywood. I always think she is the double of Sir Patrick Hastings's daughter, Barbara. Both are fascinating, gay, and so charming to meet. I wonder which is the more talented—Elizabeth on the screen, or Barbara, who paints and composes?

MY New Year's wishes are—
To Lady Milbanke, a happy smile.
To Lady Dashwood, a new pair of gloves.
To Sir John Dashwood, a bottle of petrol for his kid ones.
To Mr. Terry Weldon, a bottle of cod-liver oil to feed him up.
To "Caviare's" victims, a spirit of good-humoured tolerance.
To everyone, good luck!

I Go to a Supper Club (1928)

FEELING all alone,
Feeling turned to stone,
Glassy eyes, enamelled faces,
Men's bodies cased in dull black cases,
Small, many-coloured, short-clipped heads,
Big mouths, of many-coloured reds,
Short sequined coats, hard angularity,
Short skirts, plucked brows, cocktailed depravity,
Caviare and thin brown toast . . . . .
I must say something to my host.

I Return (1932)

A WALTZ for the melody,
Long skirts trail dreamily,
Womanly heads in Edwardian curls,
Soft swish of dresses, long, lustrous tresses,
Real flowers, kid gloves and real pearls.
Gone is depravity, short-skirted vulgarity,
Long live femininity, long skirts and long curls.

M. V. T.

"Rockabye"

Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea are starring in "Rockabye," the Radio film which is due here soon, and which report says is a good thing and will prove to be another of Constance Bennett's successes

The Passing Picture Show

"Full House"

Herbert Marshall takes the Jackpot

By Sydney Tremayne

GENERAL praise of *Trouble in Paradise*, the Lubitsch film at the Carlton, is, by now, superfluous and redundant. It has been accurately described as brilliant and a masterpiece, and the parade order of would-be audiences in the Haymarket endorses critical opinion. On the first Sunday of its run at the Carlton it was impossible to buy two seats together, even in the Royal Circle, ten minutes before the show began.

There are, however, certain aspects of this unqualified success which are sufficiently interesting to bear analytical examination.

IT has been suggested that there is rivalry between Paramount's two cleverest directors, Rouben Mamoulian, who made *Love Me To-night*, and Ernst Lubitsch, chiefly because both have directed Chevalier and Jeanette Macdonald. If there is competition, it is personal, and has nothing to do with their work, which is not comparable. Mamoulian has shown himself a visionary, an experimentalist. The public went to see *Love Me To-night* because Chevalier and Macdonald were starred, and only "discovered" the director of the picture through his very individual and successfully fantastic handling of the comic stag hunt and other original exploitations of screen and camera.

LUBITSCH is long past the experimental stage. He is, perhaps, the greatest living master of film technique adapted to commercial purposes. It is in no derogatory sense that I say his direction is "slick"—smooth, suave, witty, subtle, I mean the word to cover all this. Tempo, musical accompaniment, the opening or shutting of doors and the identity of the person who emerges or disappears through them, all have inferential significance, flatteringly understandable.

THE public know Lubitsch apart from the fact that his recent visit to England was well advertised and much photographed; they knew that he made *The Love Parade* and *Monte Carlo*, and gave them Chevalier and Jeanette Macdonald. They have, happily, forgotten that he directed that deplorable mixture of French and German treacle and dough, *The Man I Killed*. Lubitsch is the man who puts new stars on the American banner, and this applies, most indubitably, to Herbert Marshall and Kay Francis, who are "featured" in *Trouble in Paradise*.

TRUE, Marshall played opposite Marlene Dietrich in *Blonde Venus*, but, assuredly, his performance in that ungrateful rôle would not have made him internationally famous as a screen star, whereas, as the fascinating gentlemanly crook in *Trouble in Paradise*, he steps into the middle of the screen as a perfect film actor, and assures himself a popularity which would outlive even subsequent disappointments—but does not have to, as we shall see when we examine his subsequent screen appearance in *Evenings for Sale*. He has all that raised Ronald Colman and Clive Brook to their ethereal zenith, plus the best recording voice and diction yet discovered, and his own attractive personality and dramatic art.

KAY FRANCIS, whose publicity has been persistently and intelligently handled lately, had a very similar part in *Jewel Robbery*, in which she played with William Powell. In that film, as in *Trouble in Paradise*, she was a wealthy, exotic, and adventurously inclined collector and loser of valuable jewellery, with amorous inclinations towards the crooks, who are attracted, primarily, by her possessions and inevitably by the woman herself, lavishly gowned and groomed, with a glamorous and photogenic beauty and a provocative profile, facial and figurative. Her powers of seduction under Lubitsch's direction show such an advance in technique that she automatically accomplishes her destiny and becomes a star.

In the same picture Miriam Hopkins, perfectly cast as the female accomplice of the most charming crook in filmdom, reveals herself as a comédienne worthy to wear the shoes Marion Davies mislaid after her performance some years ago in *The Politic Flapper*.

IT has been suggested that Chevalier gained in *Love Me To-night* by escaping from Lubitsch's dictatorial direction. But that Lubitsch, like all the best directors, merely concentrates on the salient attractions of his actors is proved by the fact that he made no attempt to create a new Herbert Marshall — he merely showed the world, and the actor himself, of what he was capable. Marshall had never done so well before, but he is able to do as well again.

IN *Evenings for Sale*—an inadequate title for a good story—Herbert Marshall plays the part of an Austrian nobleman reduced by poverty, in the excellent and dramatic opening sequences, to contemplate suicide. He exchanges his revolver for his uniform, as an ex-captain of the Imperial Guard, at the pawnbroker's in order to spend his last night at a masked ball. The most natural thing to do in the screen world, where, thank heaven! Romance dies hard. There he meets "the girl." There he meets his old orderly, now a head waiter at a café where penurious aristocrats are in demand as gigolos, and so on. . . . No suicide, no ruin, a duel, interchanges of courtesy and discourtesies, some humour, and a good deal of sentiment until the happy ending is achieved with the help of a rich and kindly middle-aged American woman who has gone to Vienna "to get it out of her system" and realise the dreams *The Merry Widow* inculcated in her youth. Luckily, she wakes up just in time. This part is perfectly played by Mary Boland.

SARI MARITZA, the film-actress England discovered for America, is the heroine. She is lovely, she is clever, she is young. There are some notes in her voice, especially in the beginning of the picture, which need correction, or, at least, modulation, but this is not enough to dim an obviously brilliant future. This film is directed by Stewart Walker, so Lubitsch is not the only star-maker!

Original and Counterfeit

Ann Penn, a Queen of Mimics, and Some of her "Victims"

This clever artist, who uses no make-up for her impersonation, but just puts on a wig and looks like whoever she wants to, is doing cabaret work until she goes to America in the spring for a big vaudeville engagement. But we hope she'll come back to London soon

Greta Garbo

On the right is Ann Penn as the Garbo; and above, the film-star herself. The hair, the eyes, the soulful look—only the storm-coat is missing

Eric Gray

The Lancashire lass looks on the bright side: on the left, Ann Penn gives a Gracie Fields wink, and below, Gracie Fields in real life

Eric Gray

Eric Gray

Which is Evelyn Laye?

Sasha

Above is Evelyn Laye, as she appeared in "Bitter Sweet," and, left, Ann Penn's idea of Evelyn Laye as Noel Coward's heroine

Nellie Wallace or——Nellie Wallace

Ann Penn goes to the halls for inspiration, and finds an ever-green favourite; she puts on a hat and a tattered boa, sticks her teeth out, and looks and sings like Nellie Wallace. That's in the top photograph, and in the one below is Nellie Wallace looking her bright self

A Royal Matinée

In Aid of the Mount Vernon Hospital

Left: The Countess of Birkenhead, Mrs. William Cory, and Countess Howe arriving together at the all-star Christmas matinée, at which the King and Queen were present

Below: Miss Megan Lloyd George, M.P., went to His Majesty's Theatre, where the matinée took place, with Sir Arthur Crosfield, G.B.E., and Lady Crosfield

Lady Anne Wellesley and Lady Barbara Lindsay arrived together. The Cancer Hospital benefited from the matinée to the extent of about £30,000, including Sir William Morris's donation of £26,000

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith met her twelve-year-old grand-daughter, Princess Priscilla Bibesco, at the theatre

Lady Lavery was another of those who took tickets for what was quite one of the most amusing charity matinées ever given

Lady Caroline Paget, Lord and Lady Anglesey's daughter, was there, looking most attractive in black

If Gossip We Must . . .

Mrs. Snowden and the B.B.C.—The Plight of the Record-Breaker—The Carol Singer's Comment—A Morris Harvey Story

Very "Wild Violets"

Adele Dixon and Esmond Knight, two of the cheery principals who appear in "Wild Violets," the musical comedy being played at Drury Lane

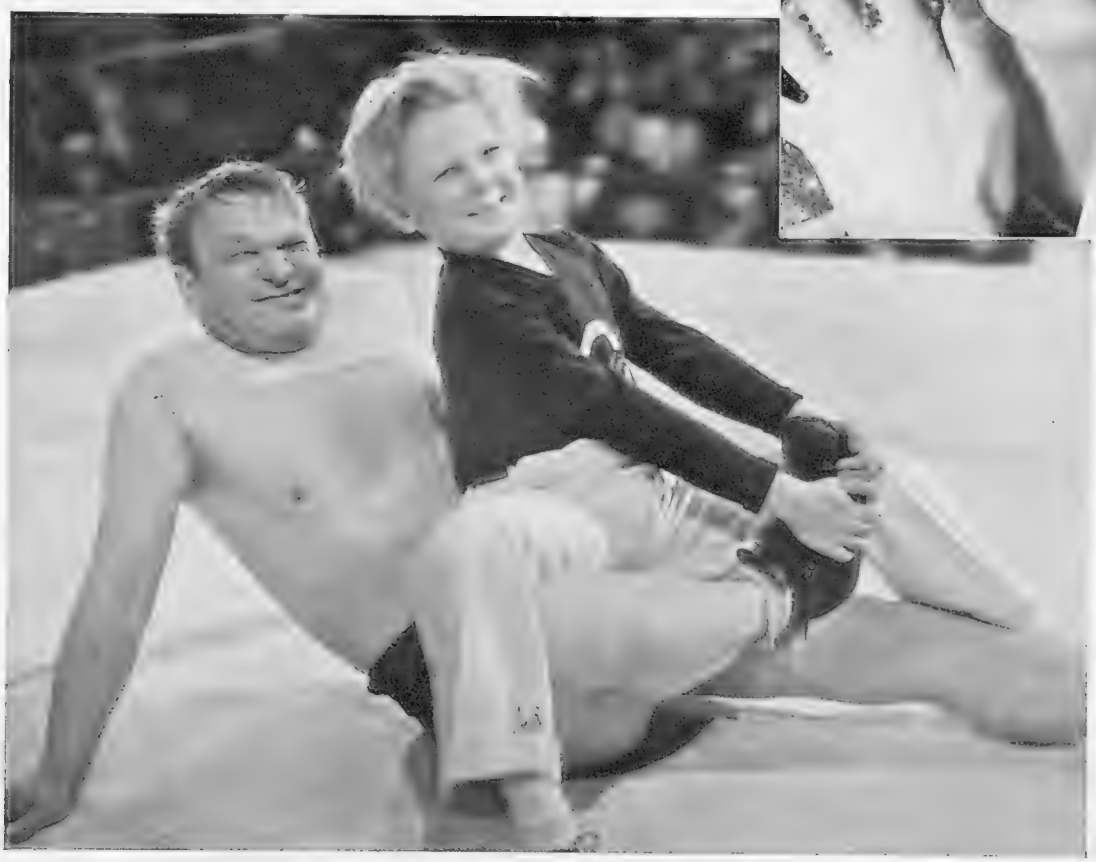
Not the least important of the New Year changes, revolutionary improvements, clean-sweeping-with-a-new-broom, and all the rest of it, leaves a taste in the mouth that is not as pleasant as it might be for the more or less merry month of January.

I refer to the unexpected changes in the B.B.C. governing body and to the obvious fact that Lady Snowden has been "axed."

True, she has been replaced by Mrs. Mary Hamilton, who is not without intelligence, has written an admiring biography of the Prime Minister, and "when interviewed in her pretty Chelsea flat" declared that she did not know much about her new job, but was keen to learn.

I don't think it would be too unkind to suggest that Mrs. Hamilton might therefore be labelled as a near relation of W. S. Gilbert's lady from the provinces who "doesn't think she waltzes, but would rather like to try."

Laurie Devine, the extraordinary acrobatic dancer who has been performing for the Television Broadcasts



In his latest starring picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer: Wallace Beery throws Wladek Zbyszko for the World's Championship, and afterwards groans, "Ouch! You're hurting me!" when Jackie Cooper gets busy with all-in methods, as seen left

All-in Wrestling

Whatever the strength or the weakness of Lady Snowden's grievances, the facts are that she is a woman of capability and charm who possesses a considerable knowledge of music. This has made for her enemies in certain rival musical camps, where the ladies have a love for music which is not quite so disinterested.

Guests at Lord Burnham's Seventieth Birthday Party

Bishop Shaw, Lady Burnham, Col. the Hon. W. Lawson and Mrs. Miller-Mundy

Lady Grimthorpe, Mr. Gerald Coke, and Lad[illegible] the guests at Lord Burnham's Birthday Par[illegible]

I find, of the three new Governors, Mrs. Hamilton modestly disclaiming musical knowledge; Lord Bridgeman, an ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, described as having for his hobby the watching of first-class cricket; and Mr. R. C. Norman, brother of "Mr. Skinner," the Governor of the Bank of England, and at one time captain of the Eton XI.

These two gentlemen, by the way, are related not only by cricket, but by marriage.

By P. Bellew

"I've just met Peter Arno!"
"You snob!"

Now it is obvious that the main activities of the B.B.C. must necessarily be musical. That is not a question of my putting music in an unduly important position; it is in the very nature of things, as anyone who looks at the broadcasting programmes can realise.

Then why put at the head of affairs a body of people who have not twopenn'orth of knowledge of music between them? Why get rid of the one member who did possess that knowledge, when it would have been quite possible to renew her period of office?

The permanent musical heads of departments are not, alas! so impressive that one can dispense with expert supervision from above, from at least one of the Governors.

However, it is satisfactory to know that when the summer comes along the B.B.C. will be quite safe on cricket.

Aerial triumphs come as a matter of course to wonderful Amy Johnson, which does not lessen the heroism of her exploits. She flies, solo, from one end of the world to another, faces cheering crowds, and eats a public lunch, with Lord Wakefield—at one time Sir Charles ("Cheers") Wakefield—in the chair with as much nonchalance as you or I take a taxi to the office.

Unfortunately for these plucky experts in the air, male and female, there will soon be no more records for them to break. Short of flying to the moon, what will be left for them to do? And there is always the possibility that at any moment a child of six will fly the Pacific all alone and upside down in an hour and a half. "O Pioneers! O Pioneers!" Oh, God! Oh, Montreal!

Below: The Red Star liner Lapland, on which the "Bystander" cruise to Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and the Azores will start on June 17th. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or any travel agency

"The Bystander" Cruise

Photographs, Swaebe

eney, three more of at Claridge's Hotel

Miss Pamela Wilberforce and Mr. L. A. Foster, who have recently become engaged, were there too

Lord Burnham, in whose honour the party was given, the Hon. Lady Hulse, and Mr. Ben Webster

As it is not yet Twelfth Night, the homes of England, stately and otherwise, are still presumably decked with holly and mistletoe, and with those chains of coloured paper and other seasonable atrocities which are, æsthetically, a pain in the neck, but denote peace and good will.

Still, too, is it permissible to sing and to hear Christmas carols.

This season there has been enough carol-singing in the streets of London alone to satisfy King Carol himself.

Business as Usual

Ian Hunter, Leonora Corbett, and Clifford Mollison in a scene from "Business with America," now running at the Haymarket Theatre

Walter Bird

Diana Churchill, who appears in the revival of the old melodrama, "The Lights of London," at the Ambassador's Theatre

Much of this is done in earnest, though, with an eye to business, and sometimes with profane interludes.

At the corner of Wardour Street and Shaftesbury Avenue the other night, I came across a body of carollers bearing the banners of the excellent Mission which had sent them forth. They were attended by girls with collecting-boxes.

As a popular carol drew to a close with a fortissimo "Bethle-'em," the pious leader, a bearded baritone in spectacles, murmured to one of these damsels (whose box rattled in a way to suggest a paucity even of coppers): "You 're a b——y lot of good, I *don't* think!"

Morris Harvey tells a good yarn of a Jew in Russia—of course, it isn't true, as there 's not much fun in Russia—who was condemned by the Cheka to receive twenty lashes with the knout. The gentleman who was to administer the dose was also a Jew, and gave the condemned man to understand that, in exchange for a number of roubles, he would only pretend to thrash him. The money was handed over and, before a large crowd, the dreadful ceremony began. With a great display of fierceness, nineteen strokes descended on the victim's back, not hurting him in the least. But the twentieth was the real thing, and nearly cut the man in half. When he had sufficiently recovered, he sought out the man with the knout and gasped, "Vell, vat about the twentieth stroke? Vat did yer do it for? Didn't I pay yer?"

"Yeth," was the reply, "but I vanted you to realise vat a bargain you 'd got!"

ODES OF ENVY

No. 5.—The Gossip-Writer

THE Gossip-Writer's life is one
Long round of gaiety and fun,
For all he has to do is write
About the doings of the Bright
Young People and their elders who—
Although their blood may not be blue—
At least possess sufficient cash
To cut a pretty heavy dash
That guarantees them leading places
Within his notes, "Mayfairs and Graces."

He lunches at the Ritz and notes
That Lady Flump loves Quaker Oats,
Whilst "Blotto" Broadbotham has got
A penchant for his champagne hot;
And if, by luck, some Earl should say
"Hullo!" to him, we read next day:
"While chatting with Lord Lummeigh I
Was quite enchanted by his tie,
A tasteful thing in puce and red—
His own design, his Lordship said."

His days and nights, appear to be
One endless round of gaiety;
Of dashing here and crashing there;
Of "When-I-dropped-in" everywhere;
Of luncheons, dinners, suppers, too,
With those whose names are in "Who 's
Who."
He yachts at Cowes, he shoots the grouse,
In fact, he 's so ubiquitous
That I have even known him say
He lunched three different times one day!

ENVOI

Although I envy him, I know
That, in his shoes, I 'd prove no-go,
For though I 'm quite a pleasant snob,
I 've not the stomach for the job!

B. W.

Charity Suppers

Miss Katherine Horlick's Pay-Party

Captain Courtney, Mrs. Claude Leigh, and Princess Aspasia of Greece were among those who went to the Casa Nuova, where Miss Katherine Horlick's party was held; it was arranged in aid of the babies of Islington

Below: Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard was in a party with her son, the Hon. John Skeffington

Left: Lady Plunket arriving at the party with the Hon. Mrs. Simon Combe

Left: Lady Grenfell and Mrs. Fred Stanley watching the cabaret, which included Gali-Gali, the conjuror, and the début of a big brown bear

Below: The hostess, Miss Katherine Horlick, whom everyone was congratulating on her clever organisation of this amusing party, with Mr. Murrough O'Brien, her fiancé

Mrs. James Horlick, Miss Katherine Horlick's mother, at supper with Major Barker and her ten-year-old son, John Horlick

"It re-invigorates!"

The Doctor orders

DEWAR'S

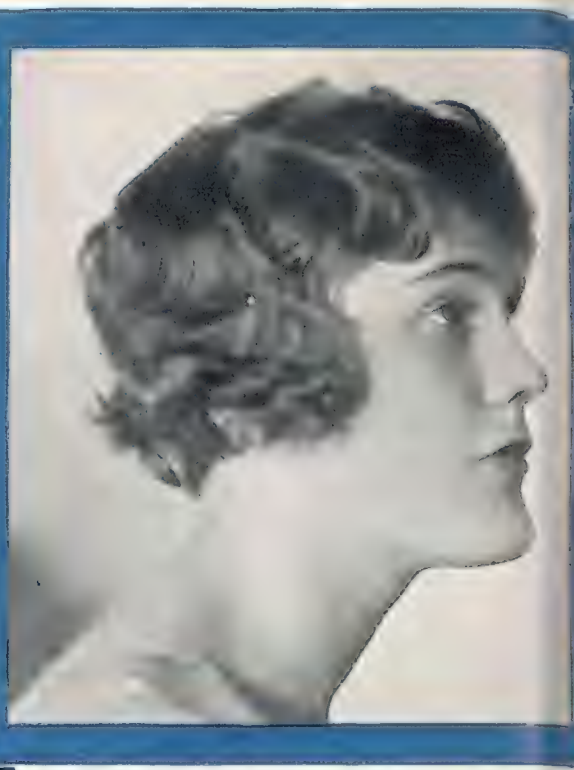
Society Portraiture

Five Stars in the London Sky

The Lady Honor Guinness

Bassano

Above: Lady Honor Guinness is the eldest of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh's three daughters; she has one brother, Viscount Elveden, who comes of age in May. Lady Iveagh, who is a sister of the Earl of Onslow, is M.P. for Southend-on-Sea. Lady Honor Guinness is an extremely intelligent person, and is very fond of music; she is a regular of the concert-going world



Miss Gladys Lowther

Above, right: Miss Gladys Lowther is the younger daughter of the late Sir Gerard Lowther, a first cousin of Lord Lonsdale and Ambassador at Constantinople before the war. Her mother, Lady Lowther, is American, and has a house in Belgrave Square. Miss Gladys Lowther is engaged to Mr. Charles Fane, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Fane, of Boynton Manor

Mrs. Richard Hart-Davis

Right: Mrs. Richard Hart-Davis, one of the best-looking and most popular of the young-married set. Before her marriage, which took place in March last year, she was Miss Terry Wallace, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Wallace. She and her husband live in London, and she helped with several charity shows of the autumn. She plays games well, and is a good horsewoman

Bertram Park

Left: Mrs. Anthony Crossley

Mr. Anthony Crossley's attractive wife is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. A. F. Thompson; she married Sir Kenneth Crossley's only son in 1927. Mr. Crossley has been Senior Member for Oldham since 1931; besides helping her husband in his constituency, Mrs. Crossley paints extremely well, and works hard at it

Hay Wrightson

Bertram Park

Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger

One of the latest portraits of Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger; although she hails from New York, she is now one of the most Mayfair of the "around London" set. Before her marriage to Baron Emile d'Erlanger's nephew, she was Miss Edwina Louise Prue. Besides her good looks and chic, she has particularly lovely hands and feet that are the envy of all her friends

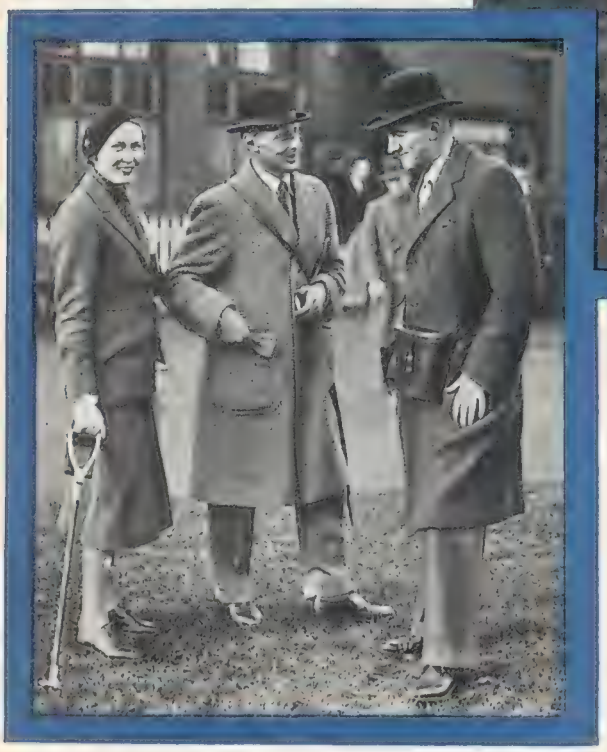
Davis

Derby Days in Winter

The December Steeplechase Meeting

Above: The Countess of Harrington was racing at Derby with her son, the Earl of Harrington. Everyone was delighted to see Lady Harrington about again after her hunting accident

Below: Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer, who have been living in Yorkshire while Captain Prior-Palmer's regiment, the 9th Lancers, was stationed up there, talking to Mr. George Beeby



Above: The Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall leads in Parthenon, which Mr. Payne-Gallwey rode past the winning-post eight lengths ahead of the second horse in the Elvaston Steeplechase. Mrs. Greenall's horse won at 37 to 1 on the "tote"

Right: Sir William Feilden, who has a place in Derbyshire as well as in Lancashire, with Colonel Gerald Foljambe in the paddock

Howard Marshall on "Rugger" Trial Topics

IN the final English trial match at Twickenham on Saturday we have a kind of dress-rehearsal for the game against Wales. It should, I think, be an unusually satisfactory dress-rehearsal, for there is no doubt that the England side is shaping excellently. It is pleasant to be able to say kind words about the Selectors, those most maligned and harassed of men, but not even the most crabbed old-timer could find serious fault with their team-building this year.

They have wisely worked upon the nucleus of the side which acquitted itself with reasonable success last season, a side which, perhaps, showed more promise than performance, and I believe that in the coming months that promise may be to a large extent fulfilled.

WHAT pleases me most is the solidity of the England team, though critics may complain that, in achieving solidity, the Selectors have sacrificed the inspiration in attack which is the birthright of Rugby football. Take, for example, the English mid-field players—Elliot, Burland, and Gerrard—and it is possible to argue that there are others who could make circles round them when it comes to opportunism and brilliant running. There is Tallent for one, the best attacking centre in England ; and Auty, a stand-off half who proved at Torquay that he is exceptionally quick off the mark, a dangerous attacking player indeed. Are we justified in preferring the negative virtues of safety and solidity to the more exciting but mercurial individualism which can suddenly turn defence into attack ? What it boils down to is this : that we have to decide whether the Tallents and the Autys would score or make more tries than they would give away by their defensive weakness.

I doubt it myself. As I see it, you cannot afford to play a man in the rough-and-tumble of International football simply for his attacking powers unless he happens to be a genius. If his constructive ability is so pronounced that he is not to be ignored, then throw caution to the winds, and build your side round him. Such men are rare, however, and at present they do not exist. Much though I respect Tallent as an attacking player, it would be foolish to compare him with Ronnie Poulton, let us say. The truth of the matter is that we should not be justified in taking risks with Tallent and Auty, for instance, when we have unobtrusively sound, all-round mid-field players at our disposal.

Burland, as a matter of fact, always strikes me as a much better centre than he is sometimes said to be. He could do with a yard or two more speed, perhaps, but his pace is deceptive, and what he lacks in quickness he makes up in physique. I can remember several occasions in the trial at Sunderland when Burland, by sheer weight and strength, would have forced his way over for tries where less powerful centres were held up and the attacking position wasted.

Gerrard also has strength, and he is very nearly an exceptionally good player. It seems to me, however, that he just misses the top class by his tendency to go too far on his own. Time and again we see Gerrard bursting magnificently through the centre, but, having made his opening, he attempts to beat a man too many, and an opportunity is thrown away. It is strange, this common failure to realise that it is only necessary to draw one man slightly out of position for an attack to have a chance of success, but Gerrard is young enough to learn his lesson in due time.

ENGLAND may congratulate herself particularly on the discovery—if discovery is the right word—of Booth on the right wing and Key at scrum-half. I like the look of Booth very much, for he is a nimble, quick-witted player, blessed with remarkable sureness of foot. One incident in the Torquay trial proved this especially. Booth caught a cross-kick from Key, and, as he did so, Tanner came in to tackle him. Now Booth was within six inches of the touch-line, but he managed to hand Tanner off, run straight for a dozen yards, and swing inwards beautifully past Block to give Key a scoring pass. That was clever work, and you will find Booth an interesting player to watch.

As for Key, his display at Torquay encourages me to hope that, at last, England have a direct successor to the great C. A. Kershaw. Key reminds me of Kershaw in many ways : in his breaks from the scrummage, his alertness in backing-up, his exceptionally swift and long passing. If he has conquered his tendency to be erratic, we shall not have to worry about the scrum-half position for some time to come.

I HOPE, too, that the England forwards will do their job more than adequately. They were unaccountably sluggish in the second trial, but that may have been a question of leadership, and Kendrew was not playing. Kendrew comes into the pack at Twickenham, and he will not only stiffen up the front row, but give the necessary impetus to the scrummaging if he is given charge of the forwards. What is more, he will have some grand players to lead, among them Vallance, a splendidly built second-row man from Leicester, who promises to be a real find.

I must say that I am looking forward considerably to this final trial. It will be most disappointing if England fail to win comfortably, but the Rest team is by no means to be despised. The Rest pack, for one thing, is pretty useful, and Valentine will make Gregory put his best foot forward in hooking, without a doubt.

Then there is Goldson, of Blackheath, at scrum-half, a player of the Arthur Young type, who has improved out of all knowledge since he came to the Rectory Field a couple of months ago. Knowles at stand-off half is a thruster, and behind him there are Tallent and Malir to keep the England centres busy. With the sprightly Harrison and the swift Tanner to give pace on the wings, this Rest team should be able to chase England reasonably hard. And that is as it should be ; a walk-over for England might be encouraging as a vindication of the Selectors' judgment, but it would be useless as a stiffener before the redoubtable Welshmen come to invade us in our own citadel.

Public Schools at "Rugger"

A Trent College player being tackled in the match against Weymouth College at Richmond Athletic Ground. The former won a good match by two goals and a dropped goal to nil

The Probables England Team

Standing at back : A. Vaughan-Jones, R. J. Longland. Standing, G. P. C. Vallance, C. Webb, F. W. S. Malir, N. L. Evans, R. Bolton, J. Hughes (Referee) ; seated, R. A. Gerrard, B. H. Black, C. D. Aarvold, G. G. Gregory, L. A. Booth ; on ground, W. Elliot and A. Key. With the exception of T. W. Brown, who is missing, and that D. W. Burland and D. A. Kendrew take the places of F. W. S. Malir and N. L. Evans, this is the England team chosen against the Rest on January 7th

Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Nancy Mitford

Whose latest novel, "Christmas Pudding," was seasonably published a month or so ago, and was even more witty and amusing than her first book, "Highland Fling." The Hon. Nancy Mitford is the eldest of Lord and Lady Redesdale's five daughters

Seasonable Humour

By "Ericus"

I REMEMBER, not long ago, seeing side by side in a Tube Station, two posters, whose startling contrast led me, in the interval of awaiting destiny's decree for permission to alight at Gloucester Road Station, to ponder deeply on the uses—and variety—of advertisement. The first poster exclaimed in genial, if raucous, tones, "It 's A Yell—It 's A Scream—It 's A Riot"; the second whispered politely, but firmly, "There never was before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing, and so little for blushing; so many jokes, and so little harm," above the signature of W. M. Thackeray. What struck me about these posters was that they both advertised wares of a humorous nature, and yet each was thoroughly representative of its line of stock. The first urged us to visit a famous, and furiously funny, farce; the second reminded us gently of our good friend, Mr. Punch, whose literary merit and witty discernment have charmed us for more years than some of us care to remember.

IT is, perhaps, the latter rather than the former quality that has influenced Mr. Guy Boas in his selections for *The Punch Anthology* (Macmillan; 6*s*.), since many of these excerpts, though well up to Mr. Punch's literary standard, are delicately entertaining rather than devastatingly amusing. I was, for instance, disappointed to find Mr. A. A. Milne represented but twice—perhaps because he belongs more to the past than to the present generation of contributors—while Mr. A. P. Herbert's offerings, in my humble opinion, do not show him in quite his wittiest vein. However, when one has said this, one has said all that can be said in criticism of a volume that may be judged only by the highest standards. Here are odes, epics, essays and stories in profusion from practically every one of Mr. Punch's gifted contributors, including, besides Messrs. Milne and Herbert, Sir Owen Seaman, E. V. Lucas, C. L. Graves, J. B. Priestley, Archibald Marshall, Anthony Armstrong, and E. V. Knox, a positive galaxy of talent, representative of all the highest qualities in our light literature. And the *Punch* subscriber will have the added thrill of discovering the owners of those initials that have mystified him for so long!

HUMOUR is, apparently, in the air, which is all as it should be at this time of year, for here are two more "funny books." *Byng Ballads* (The Bodley Head; 6*s*.) is a collection of those subtle lyrics with which Mr. Douglas Byng has so often regaled our responsive ear during our excursions into what the artless novelist called "the gay night life of the Metropolis." These are clever compositions of their kind, witty and amusing and, of course, slightly naughty, though our reactions to them will not be so immediate as when we were in post-prandial mood at the Café Anglais, let us say. I notice that Mr. Byng, in his selections for this book, shows a greater respect for the views of the Lord Chamberlain's office than was once the case! and I must congratulate him on his dedication, "To myself, without whom these verses would never have been written." It rivals Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's "To my daughter, but for whom this book would have been finished much sooner."

Humour in the Theatre, by John Aye (Universal Publications Ltd.; 3*s*. 6*d*.), covers the entire field of anecdote situated in that romantic land, "Behind the Footlights." Impresario, manager, star, small fry and stage-struck aspirant are all represented here, together with a wealth of story, old and new, gathered from every corner of the theatrical world. As a raconteur, Mr. Aye inclines towards over-elaboration, forgetting that brevity is the soul of wit, but he has compiled a volume of entertainment that should find favour with actor and layman alike.

LADY ANGELA ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE, who will be gratefully remembered by excursionists to war-time Boulogne as Lady Angela Forbes, is a lady who knows her own mind, and is not afraid to speak it. This latter trait, doubtless, will not commend her to a number of people who read her recollections in *Fore and Aft* (Jarrold's, 10*s*. 6*d*.), for, despite the official intervention that postponed for a month the publication of this book, it is still likely to shock a few tender susceptibilities. The best parts of the book are those dealing with non-controversial matters, such as Lady Angela's two sea voyages, the first to the West Indies, the second to South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, and the sport, principally deep sea-fishing, that she enjoyed during them. Indeed, I rather feel that sport is a matter on which she is better informed than other things, for, though her journeyings have converted her to a fervent Imperialism, her social and political convictions seem to be due more to the results of heredity than to any prolonged study of the subject. However, these reminiscences boldly reflect the characteristic joie de vivre of their principal and, written with great spirit and confidence, make interesting, if provocative, reading.

THE promise Mr. R. C. Woodthorpe showed in his first novel, *The Public School Murder*, he realises in his second, *London is a Fine Town* (Nicholson and Watson, 7*s*. 6*d*.), although the two books differ entirely in their conception and construction. *London is a Fine Town* introduces us to Ernest Chevington, a young provincial bank clerk, who comes to London for a holiday, with the added incentive of searching for the grand-daughter of his local butcher. He meets not only the object of his search, who has blossomed meanwhile into a renowned woman aviator, but also with a host of engaging people and amusing adventures. But the play, in this case, is not the thing. It is, in fact, merely a peg, and a frankly improbable one at that, on which to hang some extremely able characterisation. For Mr. Woodthorpe obviously shares the enthusiasm of his youthful hero for London and Londoners, and carries you rejoicing in his train. He has a charming gift for seeing the best side of everyone and presenting it with gusto and reality.

"MUNDY'S CHILD" (Allan; 7*s*. 6*d*.) is an unpretentious account of events in the life of a maiden of the younger set. If, as I suspect, this is a first novel, Miss Alice Lindley should go far, for she has a sense of character and of humour, and an admirable fluency of expression. Also she eschews the bedroom atmosphere which appears to have become an integral feature of the modern biographical novel. Her philosophy is, in fact, refreshingly conventional and has gladdened the heart of at least one jaded reviewer.

ERICUS.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Ivimey

MISS MARDA VANNE, who is justly considered one of our most brilliant actresses, is now playing in "For Services Rendered," Somerset Maugham's satire, which re-opened at the Queen's Theatre last Monday. She is seen here wearing an original and most distinctive evening gown and coat designed by Peggy Morris and carried out in brown and white silk jersey and brown crêpe

A Rega

designed by Chanel f
on the occasion of h
Prince P

THIS enchanting evening gown is made of pale blue chiffon fitted to the figure by horizontal folds and buttoned down the front. The triangular scarf is edged with tiny scallops

Trousseau

Donna Vittoria Colonna
marriage last week to
Di Savoia

WHITE tulle makes this evening gown, which is distinguished by a very full skirt flaring from just above the knees. The décolletage at the back is veiled by a little cape of tulle

THE magnificent wedding dress has a long white satin train beginning at the waistline, which is high in front but lower at the back. The corners of the train are of ermine and the veil is of white tulle

Drawings
by Drian

News for Coquettes

THE enchanting floral nightgown shown above comes from Marshall and Snelgrove and has a detachable little capelet to be worn when sitting up in bed. In several lovely colour-schemes

THE photograph on the left shows a coiffure arranged by Francis of Hanover Square. Deep waves and soft curls at the back are achieved by water-waving. Posed by Mrs. Peter Quennell

ON the next page, leaning against the bar of black, is shown a night-gown from Woollands made of silk crêpe and lace. The figure beside it is wearing a matching coatee with puff sleeves

ON the right above is a picturesque nightgown from Liberty's, made of white silk patterned with tiny rosebuds and laced up in front. Those who have not yet visited Liberty's sale of remnants should do so at once

THE figure on the extreme right is wearing a black satin wrap from Harvey Nichols. It is cut on long slimming lines, and has wide sleeves and an incrustation in front of black lace

MULES of quilted crêpe de Chine can be obtained from Dolcis in a number of different colours. They are beautifully made, trimmed with rosettes of matching material, and cost the moderate sum of 10/9

Capt. Jocelyn Lucas's pack of Sealyhams and Bassett hounds come fairly scuttering out of their kennels, which are at Farmcote, Winchcombe, for a day's rabbit-hunting. These meets are most popular Gloucestershire events

Out of Doors

Hunting and Shooting Events

Above: Lady Alice Scott was out with the Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt when they met at Riddell, near Glasgow. Lady Alice Scott is the Duke of Buccleuch's third daughter

Viscount and Viscountess Bury at the International Gun-dog League working trials, held at Quidenham, Norwich

Left: At a recent meet of the South Berks at Mortimer, Sir Robert Black was with his mother, Lady Black, and his youngest sister, Miss Gladys Black

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Forthcoming Events

Keeping the Golf Ball Rolling

Miss Ruth Patterson, Mr. Cochrane, Miss Pat Hamilton, Mr. Dick Cholmondeley, and Mr. L. Miller at Grosvenor House, on the occasion of the Golf Ball

LAST week I amused myself and, I hope, some others, by writing a form of retrospective examination of the performances of golfers in the year which has just ended.

In this issue, as a logical sequence, my readers may expect me to give some idea of who I think will be the great men in 1933. But a minute examination of those who profess to forecast the results of events, and a personal financial experience of the results of this forecasting, have led me to the conclusion that all prophets are fools. I make this sweeping statement with my tongue set bang in the middle of my mouth—no bias towards either cheek. I am utterly convinced that I am right, in spite of the extravagant claims made by certain tipsters. In these circumstances, nothing will induce me to tell you who I think will win the Amateur Championship this year, largely because I have not the slightest idea; but what I propose to do is to give you a type of calendar of the various events, and their dates, which will give opportunities for achievements to those who play golf.

Mr. Noel Layton, having discarded his coat, plays a shot in the Bogey Golf Tutor Competition at the Golf Ball

LET us take the Champions first. The Amateur Championship is to be played on June 19th and the following days, at Hoylake. Now there is, no doubt, some excellent reason why the Championship should have been put off until this time—normally it has always started in the last week of May. I can only suppose that, in order to suit our friends, the Americans, the date has been put off until nearly a month later, but I am very doubtful indeed as to the wisdom of this decision. June is very often the best month we get, and that most nearly affording a correct example of the word "summer." Hoylake, which is, of course, first class in every respect, does, however, dry up very rapidly in hot weather, and it is quite possible that by this third week in June it will not be in anything like the condition which is expected of a course that is to receive the Amateur Championship. However, the powers that be have ordained—and it is up to us poor helpless competitors to stay away if we do not like it. That is the only protest which we can make, and I think that in this instance we would probably be wrong to make it.

THE British Open Championship, which is to be held at St. Andrews, is to start on July 3rd. All the remarks which I have made on the subject of the date of the Amateur Championship apply with about twice the amount of force to this date selected by the authorities for the Open Championship. The date is, frankly, much too late, and I know that I am very far from alone in making this protest. However, I must point out once again that those who intend to compete are quite helpless, and must do what they are told. Whether the change in the date of the Open Championship was made to suit the Americans or not I do not know, but I can only presume that this was so. It seems to me ludicrous that we should always be changing our dates to suit the Americans: why should not they, for once in a while, do the same for us?

WE are concerned in THE BYSTANDER more with amateur golf than professional, and I have no doubt it will interest many readers to know that the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase is to be played on May 17th at Stoke Poges. The selection of Stoke Poges as the course on which to decide this most important event is a good one, and in May Stoke Poges is at its best. Low scores may be expected if the usual galaxy of talent competes—which no doubt it will, but low scores in no way detract from the excitement of a meeting.

THE other of the important stroke-play competitions for the amateur is the annual competition for the St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup, run by the Royal St. George's Golf Club, Sandwich. This competition, which is to take place this year on June 10th, has always been regarded by amateurs as the unofficial amateur championship by stroke play and is one of the most enjoyable of all the golfing events of the year. Its history goes back for many years, and amongst its winners are named most of the great men of amateur golf.

THERE is no Walker Cup match this year, but the Ryder Cup match between the professionals of Great Britain and the United States is to take place at Southport on June 26th and 27th. Our professionals in this match have a much better record than our amateurs in their corresponding event, and let us hope that they will this year, playing at home, achieve another victory.

OF the lesser events, there is the English Amateur Championship, which is to be played on April 25h to 29th, at Ganton; the Scottish Amateur Championship, which is to be played on July 24th and following days at Balgownie, a delightful golf course; and the Irish Amateur Championship, which is to be played on September 18th and following days at Newcastle, Co. Down. The *News of the World* Tournament Finals are to be played from September 19th to 22nd at Purley Downs; the Halford Hewitt Cup Foursomes, as usual, at Deal from April 7th to 9th; and the first Competition of the year is, as always, that of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society for their President's Putter, which is to be played at Rye from January 6th to the 8th.

I AM not able as yet to give definite information with regard to the Championships of the various European countries, but I can say that the Belgian Amateur Championship is to be played this year again on the excellent golf course laid out by H. S. Colt and his partners at Knocke.

THERE is also a new event for amateurs which is to take place on March 18th and 19th at Felixstowe. This is the competition for THE BYSTANDER £500 Golf Trophy, which this year is to be played under different conditions. It is to be an open week-end competition for men, and the great point about it is that it combines, under handicap, both medal and match play. But in a medal round, to qualify for match play stages, it very often happens that the unfortunate competitor who suffers from a bad round is out of the competition for good. In the new rules for THE BYSTANDER Trophy, the whole of the returns are to be divided into sections of eight, so that every competitor who returns a card, no matter how bad, will qualify for the match play stages of some section or other, and will at least have a full day's golf on the Saturday. Furthermore, half the original entry must still be engaged on the Sunday. I shall have more to say about this BYSTANDER Trophy later on.

Walter Crisham, Zaidee Jackson, Pearl Argyle, and the girls suffering from the effects of "Mediterranean Madness"

At the Theatre

Recipes for Revue, Murder and the Ring

Sketches of "Ballyhoo," at the Comedy Theatre, by ROUSON

"Ballyhoo"

Leon Morton, that excellent droll within the limits of melancholia, tried hard to arrive at a definition of "Ballyhoo," but fared no better with the American idiom than with the English tongue. Ballyhoo, one gathered from a sketch depicting the etiquette of climbing, social and otherwise, in Switzerland, means any old spot of fun, bother, or rudery. If that is correct, William Walker's revue at the Comedy is well christened. The fun is not riotous, because Morton of the puzzled blink, the rapid Gallic aside, and the lingual blunderings is not that kind of comedian.

There is Hermione Baddeley, tapping her favourite brand of whines from the Cockney wood; but although some of the black-out sketches do not deserve the red light—a signal which Morton arranged with the conductor to indicate failure—the comedy plays second fiddle to the music and the dancers, male and female. William Walker's appealing tunes cover the jazzy ground between a Gerschwinesque ballet for four pianos and orchestra to sob-stuff Blues from a Harlem window (inset, Zaidee Jackson, a dusky beauty who laments with husky pathos that she 's Followin' the Wrong Man). Peggy Cochrane ably leads the four pianists, and Pearl Argyle is a lovely première ballerina.

It is, indeed, a show of pretty girls, and Paris would be hard put to it to decide between Phyllis Clare, Nancy Burne, Pearl Argyle, and the eight young ladies of the chorus. These charmers alternate the duties of furies and fairies with pep and precision. Much of the dancing is "symbolic," which implies that a rhythmic rumba or a grotesque attitude can mean as much or as little as you please. There was a sort of miniature rhapsody in red, with shadow effects, which was a pretty piece of posturing and mightily applauded, and a crazy stampede in syncopated wriggles and what-not called "Mediterranean Madness." Here the saxophones took charge, and everything was Blah, including, at moments, the limelights—a mere detail which practice will make perfect.

Ballyhoo is for the young people, and especially those who are Bright as well as young. It has a distinct "Children of the Ritz" flavour, which a first-night galaxy of luscious "lovelies" and immaculate Young Marrieds found immensely to their liking. Just the right after-dinner pick-me-up, in fact, for Bystander readers, who cheered loudly the snappiest lyric of the evening. This was a skit on Noel Coward's trio of Débutantes, with references to Lord Donegall, the "Broughams and Vaux-de-o-dauxs," the Beaton Sisters, the Whigham, *and* "Caviare's" indiscretions in The Bystander. As one good turn deserves another, let me return the compliment by wishing *Ballyhoo* a long life and a gay one. I liked its sophisticated quips and the modernistic simplicity of its décor.

Dining with the aristocracy in Hollywood! Hermione Baddeley, Henry Mollison, Peggy Cochrane, and Norman Hackforth. Hollywood hounds are busy on the right

The Matron in Uniform (Leon Morton) is about to give an extremely free translation of "Quel Dommage!" to the amusement of the pupil (Hermione Baddeley) and the horror of her mother (Ethel Coleridge)

"Recipe for Murder"

THE certain recipe for murdering a murder play contains a good many of the ingredients to be found in this disappointing affair of a good farmer who shot at a bad farmer but missed him. The bullet was blank, and so the body was bare—but not altogether, for someone had popped lashings of prussic acid into the lemonade, and so the blackmailer fell through the window into the thunderstorm and died. Whereupon the good farmer first said it was an accident, and then swore it wasn't, what time the neurotic writer of detective stories, who had suggested the means of execution, made a further fool of himself. Breezing his brusque way through a network of complications and false scents, the local doctor finally produced the real culprit from the herbaceous border and a grand tribute to the loyalty, unhappily fast dying out, of old servants. I suspected "Fluff" from the first, and the to-do over the portable apparatus for improving the eavesdropping powers of the deaf was a definite clue. But was the poisoning an accident due to discarded spectacles or a deliberate stroke of deliverance? Or did Mother take a hand too? I neither know nor care. Earle Stanley, G. H. Mulcaster, Kenneth Kent and Henry Caine do their best for the recipe. The Western Brothers in topical songs provided a gay curtain-raiser. The re-appearance of both songsters—"wearing their old school ties"—during the bleaker passages of a mystery singularly lacking in suspense and animation, would have been a double port in a storm. Arnold Ridley, I fear, is here but a ghost train of his former self.

The Circus

THERE must be luck in the unlucky number. This is Mr. Bertram Mills's thirteenth Circus and Fun Fair at Olympia and if it doesn't beat his previous best may I be flipped by the sleekest of the Haggenbeck seals, drowned in soda-water by the Musical Andreus, gored by Signor Arturo's performing bullocks, bitten by Lily Strepetow's jumping Borzois, given out trunk before wicket by Jeannette's cricketing elephants, and, finally, amidst the jeers of massed troupes of aerial trapezists, somersaulting Arabs, Caucasian riders, comic cyclists, Japanese wire-walkers, girl skaters, Liberty horses (now trained in England), and gallivanting clowns, may I be torn from the Lyon's den of speeches—the Lord Mayor, Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Mills—and overflowing hospitality, and cast into that other den, where the lions mix with tigers and bears, and the Nippy is no more. That is the longest sentence I have ever written, but then, this is the best Circus I have ever seen.

Mr. Mills's Souvenir Programme is, inevitably, a kind of illustrated family album, for this circus business runs in the blood. I didn't know—did you?—that Olympia was opened in 1886, that its first show was a circus, and that Queen Victoria took three of her grandchildren, among them Prince Arthur of Connaught, to a command performance. There are several points, however, on which the Souvenir Encyclopædia is silent. How, for instance, you instil sense into a bullock; how an elephant knows a no-ball; why ringmasters look so haughty; and how Mroczkowski trains horses and pronounces his name at the same time. TRINCULO.

A few steps by Richard Murdoch, Nancy Burne, and Hugh French

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

"Steel Shaft" writes to Miss Gourlay

DEAR BYSTANDER—

LET 's think: it will be 1933 by the time this is in print, so the first thing to be done is to wish you and every other golfer the best of luck in it. Perhaps one might throw in an extra good wish to all who have had, or will have, Open Letters from "Steel Shaft," that her criticisms may be real aids to better golf and more success for each one of them.

Poor "Steel Shaft," it appears, is a bit worried on three points. Firstly, that there was no letter from her last week; Christmas, as I thought, being the excuse. Then that she hears people are attributing the letters to me and are getting return shafts ready to hurl at my head. Well, it 's no good worrying about that. If one of the accused—meaning me—were to clear herself, then somebody else would wish to clear themselves, and so we should go on, until, finally, it would narrow down to the real culprit. And that is obviously not to be desired, because it is very difficult for anybody to be frank face to face. That brings us to "Steel Shaft's" third worry: that Miss Rabbidge's letter sounds as if she thought "Steel Shaft" was being deliberately unkind for her own personal reasons.

She does assure me that 's the furthest possible thing from her intentions. She is excellent friends with all these great golfers, and is trying hard to give constructive criticism, not merely to pick holes. She says, and I agree with her, that if one merely dislikes a person, one ignores them and doesn't take the trouble to suggest what they might do to improve their golf or anything else.

Of course, I see a further pitfall there: everybody who is *not* in receipt of an Open Letter by the time they come to an end may be offended because they have been ignored. Dear, dear! It 's all very difficult.

SUPPOSE we discuss instead the good time that there 's coming in this present year of grace so far as the fixture-list is concerned. We start off near London with the Ladies' London Foursomes, with their full-blown barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and mother of an Oxford Blue—Mrs. Kenneth Morrice—still finding time to run them. They are to be at Worplesdon, a new venue, and what more delightful? Then there 's the Roehampton Open Meeting for the Gold Cup, held at the moment by Mrs. Alec Gold. Then the International meeting at Ranelagh, and, the day after that, THE BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes at Royal Mid-Surrey. That is to be Men's Course and Ladies' Course, so that we are indeed honoured, and I foresee a long waiting list and my telephone indulging in one long ring for at least a week beforehand—"What chance of our getting in?" That 's Friday, April 7th. Then we 're just as lucky in being lent Moortown for THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, and with April 25th for the first day of them, perhaps Yorkshire air will have had time to warm up a little. It was nearly a month earlier that we all froze the other side of the road from Moortown, at Alwoodley, three years ago.

Then Gleneagles Hotel course for the Open on May 15th, complete with the terrors of qualifying round and American invasion, and then, after a brief pause for recuperation, THE BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry, over the New (or Arran) course, on June 6th. As usual, an invasion of Scottish territory is a pleasure which not a few from south of the Border are promising themselves. The Scottish championship follows on there immediately afterwards.

The French at Wimereux is a pleasant prospect; then there will be the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges, beginning September 13th; County Finals and English Close Championship at Royal North Devon, a real delight for all who love Westward Ho! the last Friday and Saturday in September, with the English Championship there directly afterwards. The next week, THE BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton, and, since the Scottish County Finals are, happily, the week before that, 1933 may well see a counter-invasion of Scotties and the Autumn Cups going back over the Border.

Worplesdon, the week after, has been extended to five days, and a limit of 128 couples—welcome news to all who were left out last year and to all who delight in watching some of the most amusing golf of the whole year. To hold up from Monday to Friday will put a severe strain on the Clerk of the Weather, but we can only hope he will rise to the old adage, "Difficulties are opportunities." (You may perceive that I have been studying the choice little mottoes which adorn the calendars and what-nots that blossom at Christmas time.)

By the way, what, if any, golfing resolutions have you made for 1933? Mine is to keep my left eye on the ball; not to snatch at it; to remember it 's a game, and so not to care one twopenny dump whether I play well or badly. Then, I hope, I may play well!

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Miss Molly Gourlay

"Steel Shaft's" Open Letters

No. 6.—Miss Molly Gourlay

MY DEAR MISS MOLLY GOURLAY,

NOW, first of all, please do believe that I have a profound admiration for your skill as a golfer. You 're a magnificent score-player, have done finer scores this year than almost anybody, and I am inclined to think you played the best golf of anybody at Ashdown in this year's Close Championship.

You are *the* golfer for a big occasion, provided it isn't a foursome (we 'll come to that in a minute), because you do take real trouble both to be at your best and over the shots themselves. Yet, with it all, you 're quick, which makes you a delightful golfer to watch.

I feel, too—always have felt it—that you would have won the Open Championship in 1927 if you hadn't been on the verge of that serious illness. That *was* real bad luck.

But now I 'm going to be critical. I 've owned that was amazing bad luck, and I condole with you over it. But I do wish you 'd get rid of this idea that the luck is so often against you, because that is the very surest way to make it so.

In the same way, what 's the use of thinking (and sometimes even saying) that all the bad lies and bits of bad luck in a round came to you, and not to the opponent? Now and again it may be true, but if you tried to forget it, wouldn't you play much better?

Then I think you make things more difficult for yourself by getting ideas into your head that you cannot play against certain people. You were better about that at Ashdown, but the less you think about your opponent, the more you can think about your own shots. Do try that!

Then this foursome business. Aren't you sometimes a little hard in your own mind on your partners—not actually to them at the time, but in post-mortems afterwards? You have had some very fine partners, and yet it always sounds as if they had reserved their worst day's golf for you. Some of them may have been worthy of severe censure, but don't you think possibly you would be a better foursome player if you made a deliberate practice of thinking of your partners' good shots, instead of their bad?

Don't take these things I 'm saying amiss. You are such a good golfer that I feel it 's only a mere little twist needed to your attitude to the game, to make you even more successful.

Yours critically, STEEL SHAFT.

CARS with a Personality : By The Earl of Cardigan

A Remarkable New Daimler: The 15-h.p. "Light Six"

IN some respects, I am inclined to think that the new 15-h.p. model which I have recently been testing is the most remarkable Daimler which has so far come my way. It is a car of surprises, not only as regards performance, but also as regards design.

Somehow, one takes it for granted that every car carrying the Daimler radiator must be powered by a sleeve-valve engine. One observes the extreme smoothness and silence of such cars, and one at once makes the conventional observation: "Ah! You can't beat the old sleeve-valve for smooth running."

In this case, however, one feels rather foolish when one subsequently studies the chassis specification. Here it is clearly stated that the engine is of the overhead poppet-valve type, and the further details given suggest that it is built to the famous Lanchester design.

A remarkable engine, indeed! Its smoothness of operation is so notable that I would defy almost any of the experts to state positively, without the aid of "inside information," that the valve gear was other than "sleeve," although its exceptional liveliness is certainly such as to suggest something very unusual under the bonnet.

THE effect of this engine is to give a road performance which is definitely impressive. The car will do 70 m.p.h. in top gear, and 50 m.p.h. in "third," and the high "revs" involved are achieved so pleasantly that there is no suspicion of objectionable vibration. Speeds of 50 or even 60 m.p.h. represent no more than a comfortable cruising pace, and acceleration, throughout this range of speed, is definitely well above the average.

Although of only 15 h.p., the Daimler combines good looks with a remarkable degree of comfort, such as to suggest considerably greater size and power

The front view is impressive. Note the central rib of the radiator, formerly used to denote "double-six" models

The engine is neat and compact. Note its accessibility when the bonnet is raised. The container on the extreme right holds the electric battery; the tool-kit is conveniently placed

The gear is selected by means of the lever seen just below the steering wheel, and a dab on the left-hand pedal brings it into action

The transmission, of course, is of the now-familiar Daimler type, combining a fluid flywheel with a pre-selective epicyclic gear-box. The advantages of this system are well-known, but they are undoubtedly even more apparent when applied, as in this case, to a car of low horse-power. An infinite degree of flexibility is, of course, available, and the ultra-simplicity of gear-changing can be appreciated to the full. It is very seldom necessary to change gear, but the sensible driver can, and will, do so fairly freely when the circumstances demand additional acceleration.

The steering has, in some way, been considerably improved. A very useful wide lock is provided, and the action of the steering-gear is particularly light and pleasant. Aided by good springing, the car holds the road very well indeed, and is notable for its steadiness on corners.

The brakes are excellent, being of the Lockheed hydraulic type. This system has two outstanding advantages: it is always smooth and progressive in operation, and, since the pressure applied to each brake-shoe is constant and identical, it is practically impossible for the brakes to act unevenly.

The doors are of comfortable width, and are unobstructed. The hand-brake pushes "on" and thus clears the doorway when the car is at rest

As for the coachwork, it is extremely comfortable, and it would be difficult to think of any item of convenience or luxury which the saloon model, listed at £450, does not supply. I doubt if the Daimler Company has ever offered better value to its clients.

SPORT with the LID OFF: *A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary*

By "Mark Over"

GOOD resolutions are, unfortunately, usually ineffective in this wicked world, and I don't propose to bore you by making any now. I do suggest, though, that it might be interesting to greet 1933 by talking over a few reforms in sport, long overdue, which we should welcome during the coming twelve months.

Mind you, I don't suppose we shall have many reforms of any permanent value, for sport has slipped too far down the slope of commercialism for that. Still, wouldn't it be pleasant to think, for example, that the boxing stables might be swept clean?

Boxing, at present, is a farce. Not only are there far too many faked fights, but the whole question of control demands rigorous and immediate action. It is high time that real authority were vested in some truly representative international body, so that we might hope for impartial rulings on such matters as world championship fights. In the chaotic conditions which now prevail there is only one undisputed world champion, and that is Sharkey, the Lithuanian heavy-weight. The remaining claimants to world titles are deposed by one governing body as soon as they are accepted by another; New York argues with Philadelphia, and both treat the British Boxing Board of Control with contempt, until the man in the street gives the whole sorry business up in despair.

Boxing, in short, has fallen into the hands of men who are prepared to exploit the sport for personal ends, and the sooner some Mussolini comes along with a new and extremely powerful broom the better it will be for boxers, public, and promoters alike.

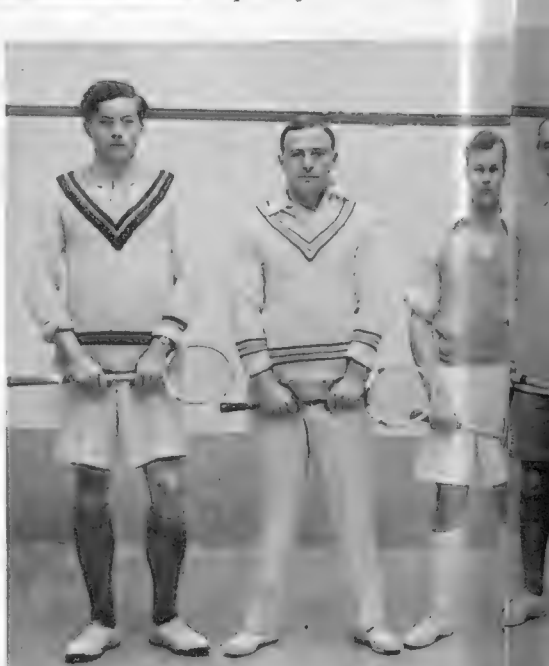
IT would be a pleasure to see the M.C.C. big-wigs tackling the problem of county cricket with proper courage and vision. There is no doubt, to my mind, that county cricket is dying fast, and that it can only be saved by drastic measures. To begin with, the championship should be completely reorganised, and several of the weaker counties, like Glamorgan and Worcestershire, should be debarred from taking part. The competition is at present far too large and shapeless, and twelve counties would be quite enough for the championship proper. Having reduced the field to reasonable proportions, all this nonsense of scoring on the percentage system, recently advocated by the M.C.C. Advisory Council, should be done away with. The man who pays his shilling at the gate is not a chartered accountant; he likes to have a simple and clear-cut method whereby he may follow the fortunes of his favourite teams. Two points for a win, and one for a draw are all that is necessary, and, with keen competition and straightforward scoring, crowds would have some incentive to come to cricket grounds, which, otherwise, will be deserted. One other point—let county committees impress upon their players that cricket is a game and not a siege, and that no one in their senses would pay a penny, let alone a shilling, to see a batsman like Sutcliffe wearily dragging his way to a century. I know Sutcliffe is doing heroic things in Australia, and I admire his patience and courage, but he and his like would kill any game, and Test Matches, anyway, are not cricket, but a faintly ridiculous form of mimic warfare.

NEXT, let us hope that by the time Wimbledon draws its crowds of star-gazing women, the L.T.A. will have faced up fairly and squarely to this

Above: Viv McGrath (N.S.W.) and H. Ellsworth Vines (U.S.A.), at Sydney. The latter won 6—8, 6—3, 6—4

Below: W. Stott, the well-known steeplechase jockey, photographed at Windsor

Above: Also at Sydney: the Nawab of Pataudi and G. O. Allen going out to bat in the first Test. An acid comment was that here was an Indian and an Australian playing for England and being bowled at by C. V. Grimmett, a New Zealander playing for Australia



The group above shows F. Hollins, Flt.-Lt. R. [illegible]cks, Group-Captain R. J. F. Barton and F. W. [illegible]ir [illegible] represents Air Service Training, Ltd., Brita[illegible]

Veterans refresh. The Old Internationals taking Christmas pudding—and something else—at the interval in their match against Blackheath

nothing else but travel about the world playing lawn tennis. There are lawn-tennis amateurs—Borotra is one, and Helen Wills is another—but if a strict definition of amateurism were applied to the game, I have an idea that a number of leading players would rightly be forced to join Suzanne Lenglen and Vincent Richards in the professional ranks.

FINALLY, it would be a mighty good thing if editors of newspapers, and those of us who write about games, could attempt to restore some sanity to a rising generation who are rapidly being driven crazy by the exploitation of various forms of sport. Let us have less of this question of professionalism in lawn tennis. I 'm not arguing now about the respective merits of the professional and the amateur, for both have their parts to play in modern sport. What I do say is that it is essential that some decision should be made about the status of the man or woman who does frenzied international rivalry, and less of the parrot-cry that Britain is decadent because she cannot beat America at golf.

Pope, C. E. Gardener, ks, the Squash team which University at Hamble

ALREADY sensational articles have appeared urging British athletes to strain every sinew to regain Britain's sporting prestige in 1933. We must take our games more seriously ; we must train and study scientifically ; we must mobilise every resource in the effort to organise victory at every kind of pastime, from ping-pong to football. What utter nonsense it all is ! And I don't believe that the average man cares a tinker's curse what happens in these international contests.

BY all means let us have more players of the games, and fewer spectators ; more playing-fields and fewer grand-stands ; but, above all, let us enjoy ourselves, and leave pot-hunting to those who take pleasure in making a virtue of owlish solemnity.

TO revert once again to Lawn Tennis. Test Match cricket in Australia has left in the shade the lawn-tennis matches between Australia and the American team touring that Continent, which includes the champion, Ellsworth Vines, whose performance at Wimbledon last summer, in the final against Austin, provided him with such a devastating victory. That Vines doesn't always play such super lawn tennis is proved by the fine fight the Australian " boy wonder," McGrath, put up against the champion, and still more emphasised by the fact that Vines has been beaten by Hopman, and the Australian No. 1, Crawford, who thus avenged his Wimbledon defeat. This test of comparative form will make the Championships at Wimbledon all the more interesting this year, and I hope that young McGrath will pay us his first visit and be among the competitors. Visitors from " down under " have always been welcome at Wimbledon, for they play the game in every sense of the phrase.

THERE is little interest in seeing a player whose victory is assured from the start going on to the court to make mincemeat of an opponent, though I must admit that this view was not held by the heroine-worshipping crowd, who would leave a really fine match directly the boards announced that Suzanne Lenglen was about to slaughter somebody. This star-gazing by the ignorant has done much harm to lawn tennis, and it is a thousand pities that the great majority of the spectators at the Lawn Tennis Championships are supremely ignorant of the finer points of the game.

Christmas Meet of the Southdown

Hounds waiting at the meet of the Southdown Hunt at Horns Lodge, Chailey, Sussex, in most un-Christmaslike weather

Left: Well-known pilots at Hanworth during the Christmas holidays, when pylon-racing was revived with six-horse-power light 'planes. From left to right: The Master of Sempill, Mr. Longmore, Mr. C. H. Lowe-Wylde, designer of the machines, Mr. Andrews and Captain Ayre. Others who flew the "featherplanes" were Mr. Kaye Don, Flight-Lieut. Stainforth, Mr. C. W. A. Scott, and Mrs. Victor Bruce

Below: The Fox Moth owned by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales showing the cabin door open with two passengers seated. The pilot sits behind the cabin in an open cockpit and has an excellent view. A large number of these machines are in use as taxis and light goods carriers

Prospects for a Flying New Year

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Latest Light Aeroplane

THERE are reasons for expecting that 1933 will be a year of great progress for aviation. In the first place, last year was so very much better than anyone had a right to expect, considering the crisis in the matter of money, weather a good deal below the average, and the absence of a really cheap aeroplane. Whereas several thousands of people have learnt to fly during the past seven or eight years, the number of private owners is still confined to a few hundred, the reason for this being that the cheapest light 'plane costs nearly £500, with an average of £650, and upkeep cannot amount to much less than £200 a year if the machine is to be of any real use. Gliding is an excellent sport, a healthy hobby, and in the front rank as a method of teaching the air sense, but for transport from A to B, the glider is no vehicle. Until quite recently, there was no type between it and a normal light aeroplane capable of flying round the world. Mr. Lowe-Wylde's "featherplane," a two-seater glider with a motor-cycle engine, is such a compromise and raises some hopes in the direction of cheaper flying.

Less Than Twenty Shillings an Hour

THE Race Meeting at Hanworth was a distinct success as a demonstration of this new machine, which appears eminently safe, and, subject to some reservations as to its use on a rough day, it could receive a modified C. of A. to-morrow. The difficulties in the way of official recognition are concerned with materials for construction and rate of climb. It seems absurd that a machine designed purely for aerodrome work in good flying weather should have to comply with the same standards as a high efficiency fighter, but the fact remains that there is no alternative at present. If one can be found, and the success of the machine indicates that official recognition cannot be withheld indefinitely, there is a possibility of reducing the cost of flying to a figure below twenty shillings an hour. This is a tremendous advance towards popularising flying, and would enable large numbers of people to keep in practice by providing a really cheap "fly-about" for short journeys on a fine day. During an altitude test last week, this little machine climbed to 4300 feet at the rate of 120 feet a minute, carrying a load of 45 pounds per horse-power.

Air Route Developments

IN an interview prior to his departure for South Africa by air, Sir Eric Geddes referred to the advantages possessed by a big transport company, like Imperial Airways, in catering for increases in traffic on certain sections of their routes without the necessity of a large reserve of machines. The demand for accommodation on the African route, particularly between Kenya and Egypt, has been so heavy that extra space had to be provided. Anyone who has studied the daily report of Aircraft Movements, published in the *Times* and other papers, will have noticed that the "Hannibal" class has been operating down to Khartoum, and even to Kisumu on the Equator, for some weeks, although intended solely for the Indian route from Palestine to Karachi. The mobility of aircraft as transport vehicles, enabling such changes to be made with ease, is a feature of some importance to revenue. The full benefit of the line to India cannot be gained until the through route is established across that country towards Australia, and there is every possibility that the final link will be forged this year.

The de Havilland Dragon Moth

EXCEPT that its appearance belies its name, for a more docile beast never breathed fire, the Dragon Moth is everything that one would expect of a de Havilland product, with good lines, excellent control on the ground and in the air, and a reasonably quiet cabin. Its performance exceeded all calculations, and the machine takes its place quite definitely as an advance on previous types of medium size commercial aircraft. With two Gipsy Major engines, it carries six passengers, with approximately 300 pounds of luggage, at 110 miles an hour, consuming less than 13 gallons of petrol an hour. At a price of £2700, it is the cheapest proposition on the market. Hillman Airways are to fly several Dragon Moths as touring 'planes and for inland air lines this year. The Autogiro has passed through the experimental stage, and takes its place as a direct competitor of the fixed wing machine. Up till now, it has been difficult to compare the two types, because the Autogiro has made no long-distance attempts and has been confined to small two-seaters, but an order for a five-seater with an Armstrong-Siddeley "Panther" engine will give the critics something to think about.

Whether one considers the performance of aircraft, or the qualifications of pilots, military flying calls for different regulations to those suitable for the sporting and business side. The Royal Aeronautical Society is organising an informal debate on this subject for January 16th.

JANUARY, 1933

1st to 15th inclusive

1st NEW YEAR'S DAY.

2nd **Racing.** Manchester and Plumpton Steeplechases.
Shows. Continental Circus, Crystal Palace.
Billiards. Gold Cup Matches, Thurstons.

3rd **Festivals.** St. Paul's Eisteddfod, Aberystwyth.

4th **Racing.** Tenby.
Shows. International Circus, Olympia.

5th **Hockey.** Southern Counties Women's Hockey Association Tournament, Folkestone.
Golf. Oxford and Cambridge Society Croome Shield, Rye.

6th **Racing.** Gatwick and Haydock Park.
Golf. Presidents Putter Competition, Rye.
Ball. Chelsea Arts Ball.

7th **Assoc. Football.** England v. Rest (Amateur). 3rd round Welsh Senior Cup. Sunderland v. Arsenal, Sunderland. Tottenham v. Stoke City, Tottenham.
Rugby. England v. Rest, Twickenham. Upper Clapton v. Civil Service, Bush Hill Park. Final Welsh Trial, Swansea.
Athletics. Middlesex County Cross Country Championships. Essex County Cross Country Championships, Buckhurst Hill
Hockey. Wimbledon v. Beckenham, Beckenham. Blackheath v. Staines, Staines. Teddington v. Royal Engineers, Bushey Park.

9th **Racing.** Leicester.
Shows. National Dairy and Ice Cream Convention, Olympia.

11th **Racing.** Lingfield Park.
Rugby. Royal Navy v. Bristol, Bristol.
Hockey. Blackheath v. Aldershot Command, Aldershot.

13th **Racing.** Windsor.
Cricket. 3rd Test Match, England v. Australia, Melbourne.

14th **Assoc. Football.** 3rd round F.A. Cup Competition. 2nd round F.A. Amateur Cup. 4th round Welsh Amateur Cup.
Rugby. Upper Clapton v. Duke of Wellington's Regiment, Aldershot. Leicestershire v. Notts., Lincs. and Derby, Leicester. Final Scottish Trial, Edinburgh.
Hockey. Teddington v. Hampstead, Richmond. Wimbledon v. Dulwich Public School XI, Wimbledon.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 5)*

OUR coming-and-going department also reports the departure from these shores, in a large party, of Lord Furness. He has gone to Egypt. Lady Furness was lunching the other day at the Ritz, in a party of four, which included General Trotter. Apparently she spent Christmas in London. Another to do so was the Grand Duke Dmitri, who was at the same hotel restaurant with his wife and the Archie Campbells.

ONE of the few first nights over the Christmas holidays was Balieff's *Chauve Souris*. As we walked into the Cambridge Theatre, we were faced with a large placard advertising C. B. Cochran's *I Had Almost Forgotten* reminiscences. C. B. Cochran must have completely forgotten that he had anything to do with Balieff's first night, because not only he was missing from his usual place in the foyer, but his entire first-night audience was missing.

PEOPLE came into the stalls dressed in baggy-looking lounge suits, and dresses that looked as if they had done several hours' train journey. We all looked jaded and Christmassy, and the entire stalls were sprinkled with gossip-writers looking desperately round for names to gossip and write about. Although the audience were entirely unworthy of the show, they were whole-heartedly enthusiastic about it.

A Naval Wedding

Lieut. Peter Raymond Pelly, R.N., and Miss Gwenllian Edwardes were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride, who is a niece of Lord Kensington, was given away by another uncle, Lt.-Col. Charles Kerr, M.P.

WE congratulate Lady Winifred Elwes and Sir Gerald du Maurier on having raised more than two thousand pounds as a result of their Midnight Supper party at the Savoy on behalf of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. We also congratulate Lady Bertha Dawkins on the £3935 secured as a result of the Midnight Matinée of *Words and Music* for the same fund. It must be almost worth being on the stage.

ANOTHER midnight matinée which threatens us is the one in aid of Charing Cross Hospital, when the first showing of "Lord Camber's Ladies," starring Gerald du Maurier and Gertrude Lawrence, will be the main attraction. Princess Louise will be present, and, after a variety performance, arranged by the indefatigable Sir Gerald, there will be the usual dancing on the stage.

WE have often wondered when one of the Russian Royalist refugees would write a book about themselves and their reactions to a comfortless world after the pomp and circumstance of Imperia Russia. When one thinks of Prince Youssopoff, who turned to dressmaking; Prince Obolensky, who turned to marriage; Prince George of Russia, who turned to interior decoration; and Prince George Chavchavadze, who turned to the concert world, it is evident that such a book ought to be written. We now hear that Princess Maria Chavchavadze has just completed a novel on this theme.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful

"WHO 'LL BUY MY LAVENDER, SWEET SCENTED LAVENDER?"

The Survival of the Fittest and Freshest of English Fragrances.

By "Maquillage"

AMONG the famous London Street Cries immortalised by Wheatley's delicious colour prints, so rarely genuine, so frequently copied, one of the most musical and charming in its implications is the intoned call of the lavender vendors, who walked from the fields of Surrey carrying their scented sheaves and sold them in the narrow, cobbled and, one must believe, malodorous streets of old London. From lavender, since the sixteenth century, the herbalists, the amateurs of beauty culture and of feminine attraction, have distilled toilet waters and scents. Housewives made sachets to scent their handwoven, home-laundered linens, and allumeuses used them to make fragrant their cupboards and their raiment. In lavender the sentimentalists embalm their memories.

THERE is something peculiarly English and redolent of English gardens and homes in the distinctive scent of lavender, which has been celebrated in music, poetry and picture for many a century. And, since perfumes are admittedly evocative of memories and associations, it is certain that all the world over, in Saharas, Icelandic oceans, within and without the "far-flung Empire," a whiff of the indigenous perfume of that modest little mauve flower would bring to mind some English scene and the emotion belonging to it.

MAYBE, because of this, as well as their particularly refreshing qualities, the essences distilled from lavender have survived fashions and foibles, and lavender is still "cried" in the old words, to the old melody, but admittedly by less romantic-looking vendors than those depicted in the colour prints, during the summer months, in the streets of London. And if the growing of lavender is more scientifically organised, and its traders travel by motor 'bus, impairing, perhaps, their vocal persuasiveness by libations on the way, what does it matter, since they bring sweetness to the sanitarily improved, but petroleum-laden and vitiated, air of city streets?

"LAVENDER WATER" has always been associated with the fastidious toilet and, since 1770, has been inseparable from the name of Yardley, the famous English firm of perfumers. Their well-known series of lavender-scented preparations keep alive the old traditions and the fresh and endearing scent. Their purity, their essentially truthful reproduction of lavender's own fragrance, redolent of summer, sunshine, and of England, are known throughout the world, and their quality is inimitable and reliable.

THE manner of Yardleys' presentation of their famous productions introduces a romantic and artistic note into the commerce of perfumers, and toilet requisites and their adoption of Wheatley's delightful picture of lavender sellers are something of an inspiration impossible to divorce from the delicious fragrance it represents.

GODDESS OF SPORT

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Shaw Wildman

The Doggy World

Concerning D

THE law about dog-fights is very vague, and liable lated by each Judge as he thinks fit. There is followed, but it seems capable of a very wide int

For instance, a few weeks ago a man at Luton who hounds was sued by two women for injuries to two Peki one of which had to be destroyed on account of injuries the greyhounds. At least four witnesses described ho hounds fell upon the bitches and mauled them, and yet the Judge said that he was not satisfied that there was a case against the defendant, although it was proved that these same greyhounds had attacked a terrier bitch shortly before. On the face of it, it seems very strange.

Yet another Judge will order a dog to be destroyed because it bites a terrier which yaps round its heels. The law being what it is, it behoves people to keep an eye on their dogs, both from the point of view of their own safety and that of other dogs. Unfortunately, if one is a decent human being, one cannot bring oneself to revenge an injury on one's own dog by hurting the other person's by underhand means, as one would if the injury had been inflicted by an individual. I mean to say, you can't go into the garden a few hours afterwards and beat the offending dog till it can't stand, as one could and would if the human being had been the offending party.

Miss Pamela
the meet of C
Hounds for a

I HAD a charming friend—yes, he was charming—who owned a dog he loved

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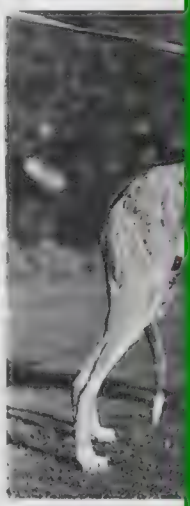
Grey

By

THE improvements which have necessitated certain alterations in the club-rooms of the Harringay track have now been completed, and a tremendous progress has been made. It is no longer essential for members of the club to leave their tables in order to watch the racing, and, in point of fact, Harringay has now become a smaller edition of the White City Club.

But this is not the only improvement which has recently taken place at Harringay, for the Greyhound Racing Association has added an extra wing to the "tote" indicator, on which is shown the "tote" doubles dividend payable on all the combinations: these figures will be exhibited immediately following the third race. With this facility speculators on the doubles who select a winning dog on the first race can see at a glance the dividend payable if they are successful in the second half of the event. A similar indicator was built at the White City some time ago and has been the source of much favourable comment from followers of the sport on that track.



Matchless Mar
Vice-Chairman

THREE well-known greyhounds, which have all put up performances in important open events throughout t have now retired to stud at the G.R.A. but another proof of the futility of those greyhound racing has not come to stay will soon now have an added interest in they have probably themselves seen the the same track.

The well-known Dresden has gone to mergue and Johnnie Cannock. This latt associated with the Metropolitan tracks.